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# R E L I Q U E S

O F A N C I E N T

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consisting

OF OLD HEROIC BALLADS, SONGS, AND  
OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS,

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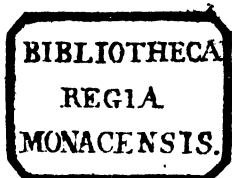
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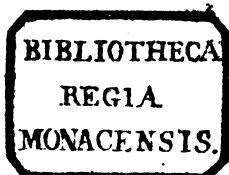
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An ordinary SONG or BALLAD that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR No. 70.

ancient

ANCIENT  
SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK I.

BALLADS ON KING ARTHUR, &c.

*This Third Volume being chiefly devoted to Romantic Subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight Strictures on the old METRICAL ROMANCES: a subject the more worthy attention, as such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, seem not to have known*

VOL. III.

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that

## ii ANCIENT SONGS

that the first compositions of this kind were in Verse, and usually sung to the Harp.

ON

THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song. The praises of their Gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of History. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events \*): and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon Ancestors \*\*). The ancient Britons had their BARDS, and the Gothic nations their SCALDS, whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their Princes, in a kind of popular songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one Reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the Prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for ~~the~~ their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom ~~no~~ <sup>so</sup> much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history \*\*\*).

After

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\*) Vid. Lafiteau ~~Moeurs~~ de Sauvages. T. 2. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

\*\*) Barth. Antiq. Dan. Lib. 1. Cap. 10. — Vid. Tacit. de Mor. Germ.

\*\*\*) See "L'Introduct. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc. par Mallet. 4to. 1755. pag. 31.



After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these Songs of the Scalds began to be more amusing, than useful. And in proportion, as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art \*).

THIS is the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which at first in metre and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek \*\*).

That our old Romances of Chivalry are derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the SCALDS, is incontestible, because there are many of them still preserved in the North, which exhibit all the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution \*\*\*). "CHIVALRY, as a distinct  
"military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies,, was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has lately shown \*\*\*\*). But the

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\*) Vid. Infra.

\*\*) Viz. ASTRÆA, CASSANDRA, GLELIA, &c.

\*\*\*) Mallet. — Int. a l'Hist. de Dannem. p. 200. L'Edda. p. 264. & passim.

\*\*\*\*) Letter concerning Chivalry. 8vo. 1763. \*\*\*\*\*

## iv ANCIENT SONGS

ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions, of every branch of that people\*). That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans) all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations\*). These existed long before the feudal ages, tho' they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.

EVEN the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the times of the Crusades. They believed the existence of Giants and Dwarfs \*\*), they had some notion of Fairies \*\*\*\*), they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and incantment \*\*\*\*\*), and were fond of inventing combats with Dragons and Monsters \*\*\*\*\*).

We have a striking instance of their turn for Chivalry and Romance, in the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800 \*\*\*\*\*). This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom  
he

\*) Mallet. passim.

\*\*) Mallet. passim.

\*\*\*) Mallet. p. 22.

\*\*\*\*) Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga p. 44. 45. Hieskes's Thesaur V. 2. p. 311.

\*\*\*\*\*) Ibid.

\*\*\*\*\*) Rollofs Saga. Cap. 35. &c.

\*\*\*\*\*) Saxo Gram. p. 152, 153. — Mallet. p. 201.

he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The Officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the Lady should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it: he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. — It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was ORME, which in the Islandic language signifies SERPENT: Wherefore the Scalds to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the Lady as detained from her father by a dreadful Dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. Even Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet, gives this fabulous account of the exploit in a poem of his own writing that is still extant, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life \*).

WITH marvellous embellishments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution, but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth, and the more ancient they are the more they are believed to be connected with true history. \*\*)

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction.

b. iii

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\*) See a translation of this poem, lately published among "Five pieces of Runic Poetry, 8vo. 1763. "

\*\*\*) Vid. Mallet.

tion. At length when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then began fabulous and romantic songs which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs\*); and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all writ in Latin by the Monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular Songs of the Minstrels.

THE inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets, than their southern neighbours. Among these the progress from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernable: they have some of the latter kind, that are in effect complete Romances of Chivalry \*\*). They have also a multitude of SAGAS \*\*\*) or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the times of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

With

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\*) The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was from this custom of the Minstrels that some of our first Historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Rob. of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

\*\*) See a Specimen at the end of L'Edda par M. Mallet. 4to 1756.

\*\*\*) Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711. p. 179. &c. Hickes's Thesaur. Vol. 2. p. 314.

With regard to the Saxons and Franks, who it should seem had made their irruptions into Britain and Gaul, before prose compositions were known in the North, they had originally their fabulous stories and tales of amusement wholly in verse. The first Romances of Chivalry that were known in France were in metre \*), and so were those that were current in England. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and probably both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Gothic ancestors, without borrowing it either from the other. In both nations narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had doubtless obtained from the earliest times. But the professed Romances of Chivalry seem to have been first composed in France; where also they had their name.

The Latin Tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer \*\*), ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the ROMANCE Tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the Songs of Chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called ROMANS, or ROMANTS; tho' this name was at first given to any piece of Poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh Century \*\*\*), *Le Roman de Brut* by *Maistre Eustache*

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\*) *San Graal*, *Perceval*, *Lancelot du Lac*, &c. were among the first prose Romances in French, yet these were originally composed in metre. See a Note of Wanley's in *Harl. Catalog. Num.* 2252, p. 49. &c. *Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library.* 2d. Ed. p. 91. &c. — See also a curious Collect. of old French Romances with Mr. Wanley's account of these sort of pieces in *Harl. MSS. Cat.* 978. 106.

\*\*) The Author of the *Essay on the Genius of Pope*, p. 282.

\*\*\*) *Ibid.* p. 283. *Hist. Lit.* Tom. 6. 7.

## viii ANCIENT SONGS

*stache was written in 1155: But it is well known to Historians: that (long before this) when William the Conqueror with his Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves by singing (in some popular Romance or Ballad) the exploits of Roland, the great Hero of Chivalry.*

*So early as this I cannot trace the Songs of Chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen, is that of Hornechild described below, which seems not earlier than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the first English Romances were translated from that language. We have seen above that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations; and, tho' after the Norman Conquest, both the French and English translated each others Romances, There is no room to doubt, but each of them composed original pieces of their own.*

*The stories of King Arthur and his round table, may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the English and the French had them from the Britons \*). The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels: on the other hand, the English procured translations of such Romances as were most current in France, and in the List given at the conclusion of these Remarks, many are doubtless of French original.*

*The first PROSE books of Chivalry that appeared in our language, were those printed by Caxton \*\*); at least, these are  
tha*

*\*) The Welsh have some very old Romances about K. Arthur, but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.*

*\*\*\*) Recuyel of the Hystories of Troy, 1471. Godfroye of Boloynes, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The  
Life*

The first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metre; and Were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his *Rhyme of Sir Thopas* was evidently written to viliculate and burlesque them. He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men speken of Romaunces of Price,  
Of Horne-Child, and Ipotis,  
Of Bevis, and sir Guy,  
Of Sir Libeaux and Blandamoure,  
But Sir Thopas bereth the flour,  
Of all chevallrie.

Most, if not all, of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight Essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical Histories and Romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of

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Life of Charlemagne, 1485. &c. As the old Minstrelsy were out, prose books of Chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish Romances began to be translated into English towards the end of Elizabeth's reign; then the most popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

\* See Extract from a Letter in Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. 2. p. 139. [Where in p. 140. instead of "Most of these &c." read "Many of the old poetical Romances are in the very same metre, &c." The old black-letter Edit. in p. 142. proves to be one of Speght's.]

of former times; it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English Literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and tho' full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood; and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress is laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical Romances tho' far more popular in their time are hardly known to exist. But it has happened unluckily that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the most part men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical Romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhinist, whose merit it was to deform morality, or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient Epic songs of Chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, tho' buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses: It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood, if these are neglected: it would also serve to illustrate innum-

meras



verable passages in our ancient classic poets, which without their help must be for ever obscure. For not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them; I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of KING JOHN our great Dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I, which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, *Act. i. sc. i.*

"Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .

"Against whose furie and unmatched force,

"The awlesse lion could not wage the fight

"Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand :

"He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts

"May easily winne a woman's :," —

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old Romance of RICHARD CEUR DE LYON \*, in which his encounter with a Lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards done in so childish a manner in the prose books of Chivalry :

The poet tells us, that Richard in his return from the Holy Land having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almayne," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king

c ii

thrown

---

\* Dr. Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle. As it was doubtless originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old metrical Romances throw light on our old writers in prose: many of our ancient Historians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

thrown into prison. Wardrewe the king's son hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a fight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?," and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "keld forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone and killed him on the spot. The king to revenge the death of his son orders by the advice of one Eldrede, that a Lion kept purposely from food, should be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the Combat begins,

The kever-chefes \* he toke on honde,  
 And aboute his arme he wonde;  
 And thought in that ylke while,  
 To flee the lyon with some gyle,  
 And syngle in a kertyll he stode,  
 And abode the lyon fyers and wode.  
 With that came the jaylere,  
 And othet men that wyth him were,  
 And the lyon them amonge;  
 His pawes were stiffe and stronge.  
 The chambre dore they undone,  
 And the lyon to them is gone.  
 Rycharde sayd, Helpe, lorde Jesu!  
 The lyon made to hym venu,

And

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\* i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz. "Couvre le chef."

And wolde hym have all to rente:  
 Kyng Rycharde befyde hym glente \*.  
 The lyon on the breste hym spurned,  
 That aboute he tourned.  
 The lyon was hongry and megre,  
 And bette his tayle to be egre;  
 He loked aboute as he were madde;  
 Abrode he all his pawes spradde.  
 He cryed lowde, and yaned \*\* wyde.  
 Kyng Rycharde bethought hym that tyde,  
 What hym was beste, and to hym sterre,  
 In at the throte his honde he gerte,  
 And hente out the herte with his honde,  
 Lounge and all that he there fonde.  
 The lyon fell deed to the ground:  
 Rycharde fette no wem \*\*\*; he wounde.  
 He fell on his knees in that place,  
 And thanked Jesu of his grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

*What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem: but the preceding circumstances are not unworthy the selection of any Epic poet. — For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called*

Stronge Rycharde cure du Lyowne.

THAT distich which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of his madman in K. LEAR, A. 3. sc. 4.

Mice and Rats and such small deere  
 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

*has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of deere, one of them would substitute geer; and another, cheer \*\*\*\*.*

c iii

But

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\* i. e. glanced; slipt. \*\* i. e. yawned. \*\*\* i. e. hurt.  
 \*\*\*\* Ep. Warb. — Dr. Grey.

# xiv ANCIENT SONGS

*But the ancient reading is established by the old Romance of SIR BEVIS which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the Harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon.*

Rattes and myfe and such smal dere  
Was his meate that seven yere,

Sign. F. iii.

IN different parts of this work, the Reader will find various extracts from these old poetical Legends: to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To compleat this subject, it will be proper to give at least one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry, — I shall select the Romance of LIBIUS DISCONIUS\*, as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

*If an Epic Poem may be defined, “\*\* A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, spite of all the obstacles that oppose him:,” I know not why we should withhold the name of EPIC POEM from the piece which I am about to analyse.*

*My copy is divided into IX PARTS or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.*

## PART I.

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\* So it is intitled in the Editor's MS.

\*\* Vid. “Discours sur la Poësie Epique,” prefixed to TELEMAQUE.

# 2 A N D 2 B A L L A D S. A XV

## P A R T I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the Heroe is described, a natural son of sir Gawain a celebrated knight of K. Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore cloathing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to K. Arthur's Court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer. — A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore K. Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young Princeß, "the Lady of Sinadone," their mistress, who is detained from her rights and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents: the messengers are dissatisfied and object to his youth: but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

## P A R T II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel for his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called, William de la Braunch: Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields: Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to K. Arthur, as the first-fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for K. Arthur's court: is met by three knights his relations: who informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and

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and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks him: but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded: yet cuts off the second brother's arm; the third yields: Sir Lybius sends them all to K. Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by a dwarf, who has discovered a fire in a wood.

### PART III.

Sir Lybius arms him, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady their captive. Sir Lybius by favour of the night runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her story: leads him to her father's castle: who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to king Arthur.

### PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen and the dwarf renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads: are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gesseron, who in honour of his lemmán or mistress, challenges all comers: He that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white falcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: In the morning goes to challenge the falcon: The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gesseron's mistress described: the ceremonies previous

vicious to the combat : they engage : the combat described at large : *sir* Gefferon is incurably hurt ; and carried home on his shield : *Sir Lybius* sends the falcon to *K. Arthur* : receives back a large present in florins : stays 40 days to be cured of his wounds , which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

P A R T V.

*Sir Lybius* proceeds for *Sinadone* : in a forest he meets a knight hunting , called *sir Otes de Lisle* : maid *Ellen* charmed with a very beautiful dog , begs *sir Lybius* to bestow him upon her : *Sir Otes* meets them , and claims his dog : is refused : being unarmed he rides to his castle , and summons his attendants : they go in quest of *sir Lybius* : a battle ensues : he is still victorious , and forces *sir Otes* to follow the other conquered knights to *K. Arthur*.

P A R T VI.

*Sir Lybius* comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side , beset round with pavilions or tents : he is informed , in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named *Maugys* , who keeps the bridge , and will let none pass without doing him homage : this *Lybius* refuses : a battle ensues : the giant described : the several incidents of the battle : which lasts a whole summer's day : the giant is wounded : put to flight : slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer : the lady invites him into her castle : falls in love with him ; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princeß of *Sinadone* , and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorcererß , like another *Alcina* , intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure ; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

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## PART VII.

*Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him: upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening: at length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone: Is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat before he can be received as a guest: they fight: the constable is worsted: Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle: he declares his intention of delivering their lady, and inquires the particulars of her history. "Two Negromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."*

## PART VIII.

*Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace: he alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting: he sits down at the high table: on a sudden all the lights are quenched, it thunders, lightens; the palace shakes; the walls fall to pieces about his ears: he is dismayed and confounded: but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers: he gets to his steed: a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune: he loses his weapon: but gets a sword from one of the Negromancers, and wounds the other with it: the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.*

## PART IX.

*He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment: at length he finds him,*



and cuts off his head: He returns to the palace to deliver the lady: but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck and kisses him: on a sudden is converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the Lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. He joyfully accepts the offer: makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

SUCH is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

I shall conclude this prolix account, with a LIST of such old METRICAL ROMANCES as are still extant: beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of Horne-childe is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled *þe Geste of Kyng Horne*. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253. p. 70. The Language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus,

All heo ben blyþe  
þat to my song ylyþe:

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A song ychulle ou fin  
Of Allof þe gode kynge \* &c.

2. *The Poem of Ipotis ( or Ypotis ) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. fo. 77. but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is*

He þat wyll of wysdome here  
Herkeneth now ze may here  
Of a tale of holy wryte  
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseþ hyt.

3. *The Romance of Sir Guy, was written before that of Bevis, being quoted in it \*\*. An account of this old poem is given below, pag. 104. To which I can now add, that two compleat copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library \*\*\*, the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8. — In Ames's Typog. p. 153. may be seen the first lines of the printed copy. — The 1st. MS. begins*

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde, an old Romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 349.) It is in stanzas*

\* i. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen:  
A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king &c.

\*\* Sign. K. 2. C.

\*\*\* For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalog. of MSS. 1697. vol. 2. pag. 394. in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. No. 690. 33. since given to the University of Cambridge.

*stanza of 6 lines; the first of which may be seen in vol. 2. p. 163. Beginning*

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

5. *The Romance of Syr Bevis is described in pag. 214. of this vol. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge. viz. in the Public Library \*, and in that of Caius Coll. Claß. A. 9. (5.) — The first of these begins,*

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and female.

*The printed copies begin differently,*

Lyften, Lordynges, and hold you styl.

6. *Libeaux (Libeaus, or, Lybius) Disconius is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317.) where the first stanza is*

Jesús Christ christen kinge,  
And his mother that sweete thinge,  
Helpe them at their neede,  
That will listen to my tale,  
Of a Knight I will you tell,  
A doughtye man of deede.

*An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library [Cal. A. 2. fol. 40.] containing innumerable variations: the first line is*

Jesu Cryst our Savyour.

*As for Blandamoure, no Romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word occurs in that of Libeaux, 'tis possible Chaucer's memory deceived him.*

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\* No. 690. §. 31. Vid. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

7. *Le Morte Arthure*; is among the Harl. MSS. 2252. S. 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanly. thinks it no older than the time of Hen. vii. but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis*, Sign. K. ij. b. it begins

Lordinges, that are leffe and deare,

In the Library of Bennet Coll. Cambridge, No. 351. is a MS. intitled in the Cat. *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not whether it has any thing in common with the former.

8. In the Editor's Folio MS. are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as K. Arthur and the king of Cornwall. (p. 24.) in stanzas of 4 Lines, beginning

Come here, my cozen Gawain so gay.

The Turké and Gawain, (p. 38.) in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

Listen, Lords, great and small.

Sir Lionel in distichs (p. 32.) thus beginning,

Sir Egrabell had Sonnes three.

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also in this Vol. Book I. No. I. II. IV. V.

9. In the same MS. p. 203. is the Greene Knight, in 2 Parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus,

Lift: when Arthur he was kinge.

10. The Carle of Carlisle, is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448. in distichs.

Listen to me a little stonde.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always drawn with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks: For as Ulysses is allways represented crafty, Achilles irascible, and Ajax rough. So Sir Gawain is even courteous and gentle, Syr Kay rugged and disobliging, &c. "Sir Gawain with his old courtesy," is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his Squire's Tale. Urry's Ed. p. 60. v. 115.

11. Syr Launfal, an excellent old Romance concerning another of K. Arthur's Knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2. f. 33. This is a translation from the French \* made by one Thomas Chestre, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Hen. vi. [See Tanner's Biblioth.] It is in stanzas of 6 Lines, and begins,

Le douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of Sir Lambwell, in 3 Parts, under which title it was more generally known \*\*. This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60. beginnig thus,

Doughty in king Arthures dayes.

d iv

12.

\* The French Original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978. §. 112. *Lanval*.

\*\* See Langham's Letter concern. Q. Eliz. entertainment at Killingworth, 1575: 12mo. p. 34.

12. *The Romance of Merline, in 9 Parts, (preserved in the same MS. p. 144.) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called Sarazens; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "oure Lady."* It is in distichs, and begins thus,

He that made with his hand.

13. *Sir Ifenbras, (or as it is in the MS. copies, Sir Ifumbras) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy, of which an account has been already given, in Vol. 1. p. 283. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Claß A. 9. (2.) and also in the Cotton Library, Cal. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy. E. g.*

God þat made both erþe and hevene.

14. *Emaðe, a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in Stan. of 6 lines, and begins thus,*

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

15. *Chevelere affigne, or, The Knight of the swan, preserved in the Cotton Library has been already described in Vol. 2. p. 263. as hath also*

16. *The Sege of Ierlam, (or Jerusalem) which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances: as may also the following which is preserved in the same Volume: viz.*

17. *Owaine Myles, (fol. 90.) giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into*

into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. — It is in distichs beginning thus,

God þat ys so full of myght.

*I the same Manuscript are one or two other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I shall barely mention them; as, Tundale, f. 17. Trentale Sci Gregorii f. 84. Jerome. f. 133. Eustache. f. 136.*

18. Octavian emperor, an ancient Romance of Chivalry is in the same vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 20. — Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, & 5, rhyme together, as do the 4, and 6. It begins

Ihesu þat was with spere yftonge,

*In the public Library at Camb. \* is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently.*

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

19. Eglamour of Artas (or Artoys) is preserved in the same Vol. with the foregoing both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Camb. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. p. 295. where it is divided into 6 Parts. — A printed Copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. X. It is in distichs, and begins

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

20. Syr Triamore (in Stan. of 6 Lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's folio Volume, p. 210. and in the public Library

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\* No. 690 (30.) Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

## xxvi A. NOC A E NATH S O N I G S

*Library at Camb. (609. §. 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394.) — Two printed Copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin*

*Nowe Jesu Chryfte our heven kynge.*

*The Cambridge Copy, thus,*

*Heven blys that all f'hall wyne.*

*Sir Degree (Degare, or Degore, which last seems the true title) in 5 Parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371. and in the public Library at Camb. (ubi supra.) — A printed Copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld. And among Mr. Garrick's plays K. vol. IX. — The Editor's MS. and the printed Copies begin*

*Lordings, and you wyl holde you styl.*

*The Cambridge MS. has it*

*Lyftenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.*

*22. Ipomydon, (or Chylde Ipomydon) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252. (44.) It is in distichs and begins,*

*Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.*

*In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. K. k. 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed Copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.*

*23. The Squyr of Lowe degre, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his R. of Thopas \* — Mr. Garrick has a printed*

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\* See Mr. Warton's Observat. Vol. I. p. 139. note.



ted Copy of this, among his old plays, K. Vol. IX. It begins

It was a squyer of lowe degte,  
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

24. Hyftorye of K. Richard Cure [Cœur] de lyon [Impr. W. de Worde, 1528. 4to.] is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A large Extract from this Romance has been given already above p. . Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and therefore was a favourite with the old Minstrels. See Warton's Observ. V. 1. p. 29. V. 2. p. 40.

25. The following I have not seen, but I believe they may all be referred to the Class of Romances.

The Knyght of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Seld. a printed Copy.) This Mr. Warton thins is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howell's Letters. [V. 1. S. 6. L. 20. See Wart. Obs. V. 2. p. 40.] The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

26. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Camb. (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. Tom. 2. p. 394.) viz. The Erle of Tholouse. (No. 27.) beginning

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

27. Roberd Kynge of Cyfyll (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a Copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703. (3.) The Camb. MS. begins

Princis that be prowde in prese.

## xxviii ANCIENT SONGS

28. Le bone Florence of Rome, *beginning thus*

As ferre as men ride or gone.

29. Dioclesian the EmP. *beginning*

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

30. *The two knightly brothers Amys and Amelion (among the Harl. MSS. 2386. §. 42.) I suppose to be an old Romance of Chivalry; as also the fragment of the Lady Belefant, the Duke of Lombardy's fair daughter, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. Vol. 2.*



I. THE

# AND BALLADS.

## I.

### THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient, than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the MANTLE and the KNIFE have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of FLORIMEL'S GIRDLE. B. iv. C. 5. St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love  
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;  
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,  
Might not the same about her middle weare,  
But it would loose or else asunder teare.  
So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when  
— Being brought, about her middle small  
They thought to gird, as best it her became,  
But by no means they could it thereto frame,  
For ever as they fastned it, it loot'd  
And fell away, as feeling secret blame,  
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight  
And each one thought as to their fancies came.  
But she herself did think it done for spight,  
And touch'd was with secret wrath and shame  
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame;  
Then many other ladies likewise tride  
About their tender loynes to knit the same,  
But it would not on none of them abide,  
But when they thought it fast, & ffitsoones it was untide.

Thereat

Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,  
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret  
 Likewise assayed to ~~win~~ that girle's power,  
 And having it about her middle set  
 Did find it fit withoughten breach or let,  
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.  
 But Florimel exceedingly did free  
 And snatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the HORNE, it is not peculiar to our Poet:  
 It occurs in the old romance, intitled *Morthie Arthur*,  
 which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw.  
 IV. and first printed anno 1484. From this romance Ariosto  
 borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42. &c. See  
*Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen*, 8vo.  
 1753.

The story of the HORN in *Morthie Arthur*, varies a  
 good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge  
 from the following extract. — “By the way they met with  
 “a knight that was sent from Morgan le Faye to king  
 “Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished  
 “with gold, and the horne had such a virtue that there  
 “might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but  
 “if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false  
 “she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto  
 “her lorde, shee might drinke peaceably: and because of  
 “queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake,  
 “this horne was sent unto king Arthur.” — This horn is  
 intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke,  
 who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero,  
 for he makes “his queen drinke thereof and an hundred  
 “ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those  
 “that drank cleane, of which number the said queen pro-  
 ves not to be one [Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.]

In

# 2 A N D 2 B A L L A D S 3

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose, this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise, than as we find her in old histories and romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was well reported of, for noted of incontinence and breach of faith to her husband."

Vol. 1. p. 93.

SUCH READERS, AS HAVE NO RELISH FOR PURE ANTIQUITY, WILL FIND A MORE MODERN COPY OF THIS BALLAD AT THE END OF THE ROMANCE.

IN the third day of may,  
To Carleile did come

A kind curtesie child,  
That cold much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle  
This child had uppou,

With brooches and ringes  
Full richelye bedone.

He had a fute of silke  
About his middle drawne;

Without he sold of curtesye  
He thought it much shame.

God speede thee, king Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meate:

And the goodly queene Guenever  
I cannott her forgett.

And thus

I

Ver. 7. Branches MS. Ver. 11. beate, MS.

# 4 ANCIENT SONGS

I tell you, lords, in this hall;  
I hett you all to 'heede';  
Except you be the more suter  
Is for you to dread.

20

He plucked out of his poterver,  
And longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, king Arthur;  
Have thou heere of mee,  
Give itt to thy comely queene  
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

25

It shall never become that wiffe,  
That hath once done amiffe.  
Then every knight in the king's court  
Began to care for 'his.'

30

Forth came dame Guenever;  
To the mantle fhee her 'hied';  
The ladye fhee was newfangle,  
But yett fhe was affrayd.

35

When fhee had taken the mantle;  
She stooode as fhe had beeme madd;  
It was from the top to the toe  
As fheeres hat itt fhread.

40

One while was it 'gule';  
Another while was itt greene;

Another

Ver. 21. or potewer.

Ver. 32. his wiffe. MS.

Ver. 41. gaule. MS.

# AND BALLADS. 9

Another while was itt wadded:  
Ill itt did her befeeme.

Another while was itt blacke, 45  
And bore the worst hue:  
By my troth, quoth king Arthur,  
I thinke thou be not true.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee; 50  
Fast with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can fhee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,  
That clothe that had wrought;  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne, 55  
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a green tree;  
Than in king Arthur's court  
Shamed for to bee. 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere;  
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye 65  
Shortlye and anon;  
Bouldye to the mantle  
Then is fhee gone.

When fhe had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about;

## 6    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then was she bare  
'Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,  
That was in the king's court,  
Talked, laughed, and howted  
Full oft at that sport.

75

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can she flee.

80

Forth came an old knight  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proffered tho this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse  
Willinglye to ffeede;  
For why this mantle might  
Do his wiffe some need.

85

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made,  
She had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed:  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.

90

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee;  
And fast, with a redd rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

95

Crad-



# AND BALLADS.

7

Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come in;  
Saith, winne this mantle, ladye,  
With a little dinne.

100

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
And it shal be thine,  
If thou never did amisse  
Since thou wast mine.

105

Forth came Craddocke's ladye  
Shortlye and anon;  
But boldye to the mantle  
Then is fhee gone.

110

When fhee had tane the mantle,  
And cast itt her about,  
Upp att her great toe  
It began to crinkle and crows:  
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,  
And shame me not for nought.

115

Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddocke's mouth  
Under a greene tree;  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he married mee.

120

When fhee had her fhreeven,  
And her finnes fhee had tolde;  
The mantle stooode about her  
Right as fhee wold:

125

A 2

Seemelye



# ANCIENT SONGS

Seemelye of coulour  
 Glittering like gold :  
 Then every knight in Arthurs court  
 Did her behold.

130

Then spake dame Guénever  
 To Arthur our king ;  
 She hath tane yonder mantle  
 Not with right , but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman ,  
 That maketh her self 'cleane' ?  
 I have seene tane out of her bedd  
 Of men five teene ;

135

Priests , clarkes , and wedded men  
 From her bedeene :  
 Yett fhee taketh the mantle ,  
 And maketh her self cleane.

140

Then spake the litle boy ,  
 That kept the mantle in hold ;  
 Sayes , king , chasten thy wiffe ,  
 Of her words fhee is too bold :

145

Shee is a bitch and a witch ,  
 And whore bold :  
 King , in thine owne hall ,  
 Thou art a cuckold.

150

The litle boy stoode  
 Looking out a dore ;

And

---

*Ver. 136. cleare , MS.*

*Ver. 139. by deene. MS.*

' And there as he was lookinge  
' He was ware of a wyld bore,

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155  
Wold have werryed a man:  
He pulled forth a wood kniffe,  
Fast thither that he ran:  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold:  
He said there were never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 165  
Uppon a whetstone:  
Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child  
Stood looking upon them; 170  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knive  
Of iron and of steele;  
He britled the bores head 175  
Wonderous weelee;  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morsell.

A 3.

The

---

*Ver. 170. them upon. MS.*

# 10 ANCIENT SONGS

The litle boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge: 180  
He said, there was noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne;  
But he shold itt sheed  
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee;  
He that cold not hitt is mouthe,  
Put it in his eye:  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the horne,  
And the bores head:  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede.  
Everye such lovely lady 195  
God fend her well to speede.

## II.

### THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

— *I chiefly taken from the fragment of an oldballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of CHAUCER, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it would have been improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because*

*cause the FRAGMENT itself will some time or other be given to the public.*

PART THE FIRST.

**K**ING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see;  
And there with him queene Guenever,  
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,  
That bride so bright in bowre :  
And all his barons about him stode,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmaffe kept,  
With mirth and princelye cheare;  
To him repaired many a knighte,  
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,  
And cups went freely round ;  
Before them came a faire damselle,  
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,  
I beg a boone of thee;  
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,  
Who hath fhent my love and mee.

In Tearne - Wadling his castle stands,  
All on a hill soe hye,  
And proudlye rise the battlements,  
And gaye the streameres flye.

## 12      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye faire,      25

May pass that castle - walle:

But from that foule discourteous knighte,

Misfappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,

Wi' thewes, and finewes stronge,      30

And on his backe he bears a clubbe,

That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barone 'twas our harde happe,

But yester morne to see;

When to his bowre he bore my love,      35

And fore misused mee.

And when I told him king Arthure,

As lyttle shold him spare;

Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,

To meete mee if he dare.      40

Upp then sterted king Arthure,

And sware by hille and dale,

He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barone

Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar:      45

Goe saddle mee my steede;

Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barone

Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge

Benethe the castle walle:      50

"Come forth; come forth; thou proude barone,

Or yelde thyself my thrall."

On

On magicke grounde that castle floode,  
 And fenc'd with many a spelle :  
 Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon ,  
 But straite his courage felle. 55

Forth then rusht that carlish knight,  
 King Arthur felte the charme:  
 His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,  
 Downe funke his feeble arme. 60

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthure,  
 Now yield thee, unto mee:  
 Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,  
 Noe better termes maye bee.

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,  
 And promise on thy faye,  
 Here to returne to Tearne Wadling,  
 Upon the new - yeare's daye: 65

And bringe me worde what thing it is  
 All women moste defyre :  
 This is thy ranfome, Arthur, he sayes,  
 Ile have noe other hyre. 70

King Arthur then helde up his hande,  
 And sware upon his faye,  
 Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone  
 And faste hee rode awaye. 75

And he rode east, and he rode west,  
 And did of all inquire ,  
 What thing it is all women crave,  
 And what they most defyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;  
 Some rayment fine and brighte;  
 Some told him mirth; some flatterye;  
 And some a jollye knyghte.

In letteres all king Arthur wrote, 85  
 And seal'd them with his ringe:  
 But still his minde was helde in doubte,  
 Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,  
 He saw a ladye sette 90  
 Betweene an oke, and a greene hollèye,  
 All clad in riche scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwarde,  
 Her chin stoode all awrye;  
 And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95  
 Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute  
 Her cheekes, of deadlye hewe;  
 A worse-form'd ladye than she was,  
 No man mote ever viewe. 100

To hail the king in seemelye forte  
 This ladye was fulle-faine;  
 But king Arthure all fore amaz'd,  
 No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd, 105  
 That wilt not speake to mee;  
 Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,  
 Though I bee foule to see.

If



If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,  
 And helpe me in my neede, 110  
 Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladye,  
 And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,  
 And promise on thy faye;  
 And here the secrette I will telle, 115  
 That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,  
 And sware upon the roode;  
 The secrette then the ladye told,  
 As lightly well shee cou'de. 120

Now this shall be my paye, sir king,  
 And this my guerdon bee,  
 That some yong, fair and courtlye knight,  
 Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then pricked king Arthure 125  
 Ore hille, and dale, and downe:  
 And soone he founde the barone's bowre;  
 And soone the grimme baroune.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,  
 Hee floode bothe stiffe and stronge; 130  
 And, when he had the letters reade,  
 Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,  
 All forfeit unto mee;  
 For this is not thy paye, sir king, 135  
 Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet

## 16 ANCIENT SONGS

Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barðne,  
 I praye thee hold thy hand;  
 And give mee leave to speake once moe  
 In reskewe of my land.

140

This morne, as I came over a more,  
 I saw a ladye fette  
 Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,  
 All clad in riche scarlèt.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille, 145  
 This is their chief defyre;  
 Now yield, as thou art a barone true,  
 That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her!  
 The carlish baron swore: 150  
 Shee was my sifter tolde thee this,  
 And fhee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,  
 To do her, as ill a turne:  
 For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, 155  
 In a fyre I will her burne.

### PART THE SECONDE.

**H**omewarde pricked king Arthùre,  
 And a wearye man was hee;  
 And soone he mette queene Guenever,  
 That bride so bright of blee.

What

# AND BALLADS.

17

What newes ! what newes ! thou noble king,  
 Howe, Arthur, haft thou sped ?  
 Where haft thou hung the carlish knight ?  
 And where bestow'd his head ?

5

The carlish knight is safe for mee,  
 And free fro mortal harme :  
 On magicke grounde his castle stands,  
 And fenc'd with many a charme.

10

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,  
 And yelde mee to his hand :  
 And but for a lothly ladye, there  
 I sholde have lost my land.

15

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,  
 And sorrowe of my life ;  
 I swore a yonge, and courtlye knight,  
 Sholde marry her to his wife.

20

Then bespake him fir Gawaine,  
 That was ever a gentle knight :  
 That lothly ladye I will wed ;  
 Therefore be merrie and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good fir Gawaine,  
 My fister's sonne yee bee :  
 This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,  
 And all too foule for yee.

25

Her nose is crookt and turnd outwarde,  
 Her chin stands all awrye :  
 A worfe form'd ladye than shee is  
 Was never seen with eye.

30

What

# 18      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

What though her chin stand all awrye,  
 And fhee be foule to see :  
 I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake ,                      35  
 And I'll thy ranfome bee.

Nowe thanks! nowe thanks! good fir Gawaine ,  
 And a blessing thee betyde!  
 To -morrow wee'll haue knights and squires,  
 And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.                      40

And wee'll haue hawkes and wee'll haue houndes  
 To cover our intent;  
 And wee'll away to the greene forrest,  
 As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, fir Stephen bolde                      45  
 They rode with them that daye ;  
 And foremoste of the companye  
 There rode the stewarde Kaye :

Soe did fir Banier and fir Bore,  
 And eke fir Garratte keene,                      50  
 Sir Tristram too; that gentle knight,  
 To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrest ,  
 Beneathe a faire holley tree  
 There fate that ladye in riche scarlèt                      55  
 That unfeemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,  
 And looked upon her sweere ;  
 Whoever kisses that ladye , he sayes,  
 Of his kisse he stands in feare.                      60

Sir

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,  
And looked upon her snout;  
Whoever kisse that ladye, he sayes,  
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde fir Gawaine, 65  
And amend thee of thy life:  
For there is a knight amongst us all,  
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,  
I the devil's name anone; 70  
Get mee a wife wherever I maye,  
In sooth she shall bee none.

Then some tooke op their hawkes in haste,  
And some took up their houndes;  
And sayd they wolde not marry her, 75  
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthure,  
And sware there by thys daye;  
For a little foule fighte and mislikinge,  
Yee shall not say her naye. 80

Peace, lordings, peace; fir Gawaine sayd,  
Nor make debate and strife;  
This lothlye ladye I will take,  
And marry her to my wife.

Nowe thanks, now thanks, good fir Gawaine.  
And a blessinge be thy meede! 86  
For as I am thine owne ladye,  
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then

## 20      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then up they took that lothly dame,  
 And home anone they bringe : 90  
 And there fir Gawaine he her wed,  
 And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,  
 And all were done awaye ;  
 Come turne to me , mine owne wed-lord 95  
 Come turne to mee I praye.

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,  
 For forrowe and for care ;  
 When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,  
 Hee sawe a young ladye faire. 100

Sweet blufhes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,  
 Her eyen were blacke as floe :  
 The ripening chetrye swelld her lippe,  
 And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady faire, 105  
 Lying upon the sheete :  
 And swore, as he was a true knyghte,  
 The spice was never foe iweete.

Sir Gawaine kifs'd that lady brighte ,  
 Lying there by his side , 110  
 " The fairest flower is not foe faire,  
 Thou never canst bee my bride.

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,  
 The fame whiche thou didst knowe,  
 That was foe lothlye , and was wont 115  
 Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe,

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth fhee,  
And make thy choice with care;  
Whether by night, or else by daye  
Shall I be foule or faire;

120

To have thee foule still in the night,  
When I with thee should playe;  
I had rather farre, my lady deare,  
To have thee foule by daye.

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes 125

To drinke the ale and wine;  
Alas! then I must hide myself,  
I must not goe with mine?

My faire ladye, sir Gawaine sayd,  
I yield me to thy kille;  
Because thou art mine owne ladye  
Thou shalt have all thy wille.

130

Nowe blessed bee thou, sweete Gawaine,  
And the daye that I thee see;  
For as thou seest mee at this time,  
See shall I ever bee.

135

My father was an aged knighte,  
And yet it chanced foe;  
He tooke to wife a false ladye,  
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

140

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,  
In the greene forrest to dwelle;  
And there to abide in lothlye shape,  
Most like a fiend of helle.

## 22      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Midst mores and mosses; woods, and wilds,      145  
 To lead a lonesome life:  
 Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte,  
 Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,  
 Suche was her devilish skille;      150  
 Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,  
 And let mee have all my wille.

Shee witchd my brother to a carlish boore,  
 And made him stiffe and stränge;  
 And built him a bowre on magicke groundes,      155  
 To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,  
 And wronge is turnde to righte;  
 Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladye,  
 And hee be a gentle knighte.      160      \* \* \*

### III.

#### KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

*This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before queene Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth-castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned; "A minstrel came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this;*

*So it fell out on a Pentecost &c. "*

*After*



After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for primus passus.  
"More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in *Morte Arthur*, whence it is taken, runs as follows, "Came a messenger hastily from king Ryence of North-Wales, — saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this; they gave him their beards cleane shayne off, — wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lowdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that — or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. I. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. I. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's hist. B. 10. c. 3. which is alluded to by Drayton in his *Poly. Olb. Song. 4.* and by Spenser in *Faer. Qu. 6. l. 13, 15.* See the Observations on Spenser.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, p. 197. The second in the Letter abovementioned. And the third inserted in *MS. in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.*

"N. B. Stow tells us, that king Arthur kept his round  
 "table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Win-  
 "chester, and Camalet in Somersetshire. This Camelot  
 "sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very  
 "[high] tor or hill, &c., [See an exact description in  
 "Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. p. 55. ]

**A**S it fell out on a Pentecost day,  
 King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,  
 With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;  
 And many bold barons sitting in hall;  
 With ladies attired in purple and pall;  
 And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,  
 Cryed, *Largez, Largez, Chevaliers tres-bardie.*

**A** doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas  
 Right pertlye gan pricke, knepling on knee,  
 With seven fulle stoute amids all the preas,  
 Sayd, Nowe fir king Arthur, God save thee, and see!  
 Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,  
 And bids thee thy beard anon to him fend,  
 O else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,  
 With eleven kings beards bordered \* about,  
 And there is room leste yet in kantle,  
 For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:  
 This must be done, be thou never so stout;  
 This must be done, I tell thee no fable,  
 Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.

When

---

\* Perhaps 'broidered: so "purfelled," signifies.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:  
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;  
Princes puffd; barons blustred; lords began lower;  
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;  
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,  
Then in came sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,  
And in that stound the stowre began still:  
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was digst,  
Of wine and wassel he had his wille;  
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
And hundred pieces of fine coyned gold  
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,  
That for his bold message I him defye;  
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring  
Out of North-gales, where he and I  
With swords, and not rasors, quickly shall trye,  
Whether he, or king Arthur will prove the best barbor:  
And therewith he shook his good sword Excalabor.

IV.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT

*The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance Morthe Arthur, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who*

“believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed  
“awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he  
“should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and  
“reign in as great authority as ever.” [Holingshed. B. 5.  
c. 14.] or as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at  
Antwerp, 1493 [by Ger. de Leew,] “The Bretons sup-  
“pose, that he [K. Arthur] — shall come yet and con-  
“quer all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophycye of  
“Merlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubtous; and  
“sayd soth, for men therof yet have doubte, and shullen for  
“ever more, — for men wot not whether that he lyveth  
“or is dede.” See more ancient testimonies in Selden’s  
Notes on Polyolbion, Song III.

N.B. This ballad, which is taken from the Editor's MS. will receive illustration from that which immediately follows it.

**O**N Trinitey Mondaye in the morne ,  
This fore battayle was doom'd to bee;  
Where manye a knyghte cry'd, Well - awaye!  
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,  
 When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
 He thoughte fir Gawaine to him came,  
 And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe as you are mine unkle deare,  
And as you prize your life ; this daye  
O meet not with your foe in fighte ;  
Putt off the battayle , if yee maye.

**For**

For fir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,  
 And with him many an hardye knyghte:  
 Who will within this moneth be backe,  
 And will affilte yee in the fighte. 15

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,  
 Before the breakinge of the daye;  
 And tolde them howe fir Gawaine came,  
 And there to him these wordes did saye, 20

His nobles all this counsayle gave,  
 That earlye in the morning, hee  
 Shold fend awaye an herauld at armes,  
 To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knyghtes king Arthure chose, 25  
 The best of all that with him were:  
 To parley with the foe in field,  
 And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hofte,  
 In readinesse there for to bee: 30  
 But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
 Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,  
 Twelve of his knyghts did likewise bringe;  
 The beste of all his companye, 35  
 To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hofte,  
 In readinesse there for to bee;  
 But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
 But if a sword drawne they shold see. 40

# 28      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
 Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell:  
 Alacke! it was a woefulle case,  
 As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45  
 And both to faire accordance broughte;  
 And a month's league betweene them sette,  
 Before the battayle fholde be foughte.

An addere crept forth of a bushe,  
 Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee: 50  
 Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,  
 As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghte found him wounded sore,  
 And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there;  
 His sworde he from his scabberde drewe: 55  
 A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,  
 They joyned battaile instantlye;  
 Till of foe manye noble knightes,  
 On one side there were lefte but three. 60

For all were flain that durst abide,  
 And but some fewe that fled awaye:  
 Ay mee! it was a bloodye felde,  
 As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon king Arthur's owne partye, 65  
 Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
 And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,  
 And the king's butler Bedevers,

And

And when the king beheld his knightes,  
All dead and scattered on the molde;  
The teares fast trickled downe his face;  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

70

Nowe reſte yee all, brave knightes, he ſaid,  
Soe true and faithful to your truſt:  
And muſt yee then, ye valiant hearts,  
Be leſte to moulder into duſt!

75

Moſt loyal have yee been to mee,  
Moſt true and faithful unto deathe:  
And, oh! to rayſe yee up againe,  
How freely could I yield my breathe?

80

But ſee the traitor's yet alive,  
Lo where hee ſtalkes among the deade!  
Nowe bitterlye he ſhall abyꝝe:  
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O ſtaye, my liege, then ſayd the duke;  
O ſtay for love and charitie;  
Remember what the viſion ſpake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

85

O, ſtaye mee not, thou worthy wight,  
This debt my loyal knightes I owe:  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe.

90

Then ſtraite he graſp'd his truſtye ſpeare,  
And on his horſe then mounted hee:  
As his butler holpe him to his horſe,  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

95

B 5

Alas!

# 30      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Alas ! then sayd the noble king,  
 That I should live this fight to see!  
 To see this good knight here be flaine,  
 All for his love in helping mee !      100

He put his speare into his rest;  
 And to sir Mordred loud gan crye:  
 Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,  
 For traitor nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,      105  
 And fierce to meet the king ran hee:  
 The king his speare he through him thrust;  
 A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,  
 And found that he was wounded foe;      110  
 He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
 And strucke the king a deadly blowe.

Then grimlye dyed sir Mordred,  
 Presentlye upon that tree;  
 And bloody streames ranne from the kinge,      115  
 Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,  
 Sir knight thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,  
 Nowe take my sword Excalibar,  
 That hangs so freelye by my side.      120

● take my sword Excalibar,  
 And there into the river throwe:  
 For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
 All use of weapons I foregoe.

And



And fare the well, thou trustye fword, 125  
 A better neer had valiant knighte,  
 With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,  
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,  
 Oft have I reapt thee bloody feelde: 130  
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come.  
 That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke then to the river went,  
 And there his owne fword in threwe hee:  
 But he kept back Excalibar, 135  
 He kept it back in privitee.

For all of coleyne was the blade;  
 And all the hilde of precious stone:  
 And ever alacke! then sayd the knighte,  
 Must suche a fword awaye be throwne! 140

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
 Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?  
 Nothing, my liege, fave that the winde  
 Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then sayd the kinge, 145  
 O good sir Lukyn, goe againe:  
 Into te rivere throwe my fword,  
 Nor keepe me lingeringe here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,  
 And the kings scabberd in threwe hee; 150  
 But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
 And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then

## 32      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
 Who sayde, Sir Lukyn fawe ye oughte?  
 Nothinge, my liege, fawe that the winde  
 Nowe with the angrye waters fought. 155

O Lukyn, Lukyn, sayd the kinge,  
 Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:  
 Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,  
 When siche a knyghte soe false can bee? 160

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;  
 Alf for a fword, that wins thine eye:  
 Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,  
 Or here the tone of us shall dye.

The duke, all fhent with this rebuke,  
 No aunfwere made unto the kinge:  
 But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
 And threwe it far as he coulde flinge. 165

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,  
 And flourisht three times in the air;  
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streame,  
 And of the duke was seene noe mair. 170

All fore astonied stood the duke;  
 He stood as still, as still mote bee:  
 Then hastend backe to telle the kinge;  
 But he was gone from benethe the tree. 175

Unto what place he colde not telle,  
 For never after he did him spye:

But

---

*Ver. 178. see MS.*

But hee sawe a barge goe from the lande , 180  
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye. \*

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:  
For from that sad and direfulle daye, 185  
Hee never more was seene on molde.

\* \*

\* *Not unlike that passage in VIRGIL.*

Summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ.

Ladies was the word our old English writers used for Nymphs: As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's MS. collection.

" When scorching Phæbus he did mount,  
" Then Lady Venus went to hunt:  
" To whom Diana did resort,  
" With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,  
" Of springs, and floodes, &c.



## V.

## THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

*We have here a short summary of K. Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance Morte Arthur. — The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leeuw, (quoted above in p. 26.) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced. [viz. that beginning at v. 49. which in the MS. followed v. 36.]*

*Printed from the Editor's ancient manuscript*

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,  
     King Arthur I am to name;  
 Through Christendome, and Heathynesse  
     Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeeve;  
     I am a christyan bore:  
 The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost  
     One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere  
     Ore Brittain I did rayne,  
 After my savior Christ his byrth:  
     What time I did maintaine

The

---

*Ver. 1. Bruite his. MS.*

*Ver. 8. He began his reign A. D. 515, according to the Chronicles.*

# A N D   B A L L A D S. 35

The fellowshipp of the table round,  
 Soe famous in those dayes;  
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15  
 And thirty fate alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,  
 As bookes done yett record,  
 Amongst all other nations 20  
 Wer feared through the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill  
 King Uther mee begate  
 Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye, 25  
 And come of his estate.

And when I was fifteen yéeses old,  
 Then was I crowned kinge:  
 All Brittain that was att an upròre, 30  
 I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,  
 Who had opprest this land;  
 All Scotland then throughe manly feates 35  
 I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, 'and' Norwaye,  
 These countryes wan I all;  
 Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland; 35  
 I made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,  
 That now is called France:

And

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*Ver. 24. She is named Igerua in the old Chronicles.*

# 36      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And I flew the hardye Froll in feild  
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus  
Soe terrible to vewe,  
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,  
By force of armes I flew :

And Lucys the emperour of Rome. 45  
I brought to deadly wracke;  
And a thousand more of noble knightes  
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of paynims I did kill  
Amidst that bloody strife; 50  
Besides the Roman emperour  
Who alsoe lost his life.

Whose carcashe I did fend to Rome  
Cladd poorlye on a beere;  
And afterward I past mount Joye . 55  
The next approching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett  
Right as a conquerour,  
And by all the cardinalls solempnely  
I was crowned an emperour. 60

One winter there I made abode:  
Then word to mee was brought

Howe

---

*Ver. 39. Froland field MS. Froll according to the Chronicles was a Roman knight governor of Gaul.*

*Ver. 49. of Pavye, MS. Vcr. 51. Grecian. MS.*

# 2 AND BALLADS.

37

Howe Mordred had opprest the crowne:  
What treason he had wrought,

At home in Brittain with my queenes;  
Therefore I came with speede  
To Brittain backe with all my power  
To quitt that traiterous deede:

65

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,  
Where Mordred me withstoode:  
But yett at last I landed there,  
With effusion of much blood.

70

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,  
Being wounded in that fore,  
The whiche sir Lancelot in fight  
Had given him before.

75

Thence chased I Mordred away,  
Who fledd to London ryght,  
From London to Winchester, and  
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

80

And still I him pursued with speede  
Till at the last we mett:  
Wherby an appointed day of fight  
Was there agreeede and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life  
Eche other to deprive,  
Till of a hundred thousand men  
Scarce one was left a live.

85

There all the noble chivalrye  
Of Brittain tooke their end.

90

VOL. III.

C

O see how fickle is their state  
That doe on fates depend!

There all the traitorous men were slaine  
Not one escape away;  
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes.      95  
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne  
In honor and great fame;  
And thus by death was suddenlye  
Deprived of the fame.      100

## VI.

## A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE.

*Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.] intituled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."*

WHO sekes to tame the blustering winde,  
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,  
Or els against dame natures kinde  
To 'change' things frame by cunning fkyll:  
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,      5  
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,  
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;  
Who thinks to cause an oke to reele,  
Which never can by force be done:      10  
That

---

*Ver. 92. Feates. MS.*

*Ver. 4. cause MS.*



That man likewise bestoweth paine,  
 Though he that his labour be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,  
 And for to fayle without a masse;  
 Unless he thinks perhapps to faine, 15  
 His travell ys forelorne and wasse;  
 And so in cure of all his paine,  
 His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewife, that goes about  
 To please eche eye and every eare, 20  
 Had nede to have withouten doubt  
 A golden gyft with hym to beare;  
 For evyll report fhall be his gaine,  
 Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend; 25  
 God fend us all a happy place;  
 And let us pray unto the end,  
 That we may have our princes grace:  
 Amen, amen! so fhall we gaine  
 A dewe reward for all our paine. 30

VII.

GLASGERION.

*Printed from the Editor's MS. collection.*

**G**lasgerion was a kinges owne sonne,  
 And a harper he was goode:  
 He harped in the kinges chambere,  
 Where cuppe and candle stode.

C 2

And

# 40      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And foe did he in the queenes chambere,      5  
 Till ladyes waxed glad.  
 And then bespake the kinges daughter;  
 These were the wordes she sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,  
 Of thy striking doe not blinne:      10  
 Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,  
 But it glads my harte withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,  
 Who taught you nowe to speake!  
 I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeare      15  
 My minde I never durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,  
 When all men are att rest:  
 As I am a ladye true of my promise,  
 Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.      20

Home then came Glasgèrion,  
 A glad man, lord! was hee.  
 And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;  
 Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye      25  
 Hath granted mee my boone:  
 And att her chambere must I bee  
 Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,  
 Lay your head heere on this ston:      30  
 For

---

*Ver. 6. wood. MS.      Ver. 16. harte. MS.*

For I will waken your, master deare,  
A fore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lithier ladd,  
And hofe and fhoone did on :  
A collar he cast upon his necke,  
He seemed a gentleman. 35

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,  
He thrilled upon a pinn.  
The lady was true of her promise,  
And rose and lett him in. 40

He did not take the lady gaye  
To boulster nor to bed :  
'Nor thoughte hee had his wicked wille,  
'A fingle word he fed.

He did not kisse that ladyes monthes,  
Nor when he came, nor yode :  
And fore that ladye diu mistrust  
He was of some churls blode. 45

But home then came that lithier ladd,  
And did off his hofe and fhoone;  
And cast the collar from off his necke:  
He was but a churles sonne. 50

Awake, awake, my deere master,  
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.  
Awake, awake, my master deere,  
I hold it time to be gone. 55

For I have saddled your horse, master,  
Well bridled I have your steede :

And I have ferved you a good breakfast:

For thereof ye have need.

60

Up then rose, good Glasgerion,

And did on hose and shoone;

And cast a collar about his necke:

For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chambere,

65

He thrilled upon the pinne:

The ladye was more than true of promise,

And rose and let him inn.

O whether have you left with me

Your bracelet or your glove?

70

Or are you returned backe againe

To know more of my love?

Glasgerion swore a full great othe,

By oake, and ashe, and thorne;

Ladye, I was never in your chambere,

75

Sith the time that I was borne.

O then is was your lither foot-page,

He hath beguiled mee.

Then shee pulled forth a little pen-kniffe,

That hanged by her knee.

80

Sayes, there shall never noe churlès blood

Within my bodye spring:

No churlès blood shall eer defile

The daughter of a kinge.

Home

---

Vol. 77. little. MS.

# A N D   B A L L A D S. 43

Home then went Glasgèrion, 85

And woe, good lord, was hee.

Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,

Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,

Jacke, I would tell it thee: 90

But if I have not killed a man to night

Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he pulled out his bright browne sworde

And dryed it on his sleeve,

And he smote off that lither ladd's head, 95

Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,

The pummil untill a stone:

Throw the falseneffe of that lither ladd,

These three lives all were gone, 100

## VIII.

### OLD SIR ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

*From an ancient copy in the Editor's MS. collection.*

**L**ET never again foe old a man

Marrye foe yonge a wife,

As did old 'fir' Robin of Portingale;

Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

C 4

For

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*Ver. 100. werne all. MS.*

# 44      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,      5  
 He chofe her to his wife,  
 And thought with her to have lived in love,  
 But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,  
 And scarce was hee alleepe,      10  
 But upp fhe rofe, and forth fhee goes,  
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire fir Gyles?  
 Or be you not withinn?  
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire fir Gyles,      15  
 Arife and let me inn.

O, I am waking, fweete, he faid,  
 Sweete ladye, what is your wille?  
 I have bethought me of a wyle  
 How my wed-lord weell spille.      20

Twenty-four good knights, fhee faves,  
 That dwell about this towne,  
 Even twenty-four of my near cozens,  
 Shall helpe to ding him downe.

All this beheard his litle footepage,      25  
 As he watered his masters steed;  
 And for his masters fad perille  
 His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned, fighed, and wept full fore:  
 I fweare by the holy roode      30  
 The

---

*Ver. 19. unbethought. MS.*

The teares he for his maſter wept  
Were blent water and bloode.

All that beheard his deare maſter  
As he ſtood at his garden pale :  
Sayes, Ever alacke, my little foot-page, 35  
What cauſes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge  
Any of thy fellowes here?  
Or is any 'one' of thy good friends dead,  
That thou ſheddſt manye a teare? 40

Or if it be my head bookes-man,  
Aggrieved he ſhal bee:  
For no man here within my howſe,  
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man, 45  
Nor none of his degree :  
But 'on' to - morrow ere it be noone  
All doomed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head ſteward,  
And thank your gay ladèe. 50  
If this be true, my litle foot page,  
The heyre of my land thouſt bee.

If it be not true, my dear maſter,  
No good death let me die.  
If it bee not true, thou litle foot-page, 55  
A dead corſe ſhalt thou lie.

C 5

O

Ver. 32. blent. MS. Ver. 47. or MS. V. 48. dec-  
med. MS. V. 56. bec. MS.

# 46      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

O call now downe my faire ladye,  
 O call her downe to mee:  
 And tell my ladye gay how ficke,  
 And like to die I bee.

60

Downe then came his ladye faire,  
 All clad in purple and pall:  
 The rings that were on her fingers,  
 Cast light throughout the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord?  
 What is your will with mee?  
 O see, my ladye deere, how ficke,  
 And like to die I bee.

65

And thou be ficke, my own wed-lord,  
 Soe fore it grieveth mee:  
 But my five maydens and myselfe  
 Will make the bedde for thee:

70

And at the waking of your first sleepe,  
 We will a hot drinke make:  
 And at the waking of your first sleepe,  
 Your forrowes we will flake.

75

He put a filk cote on his backe,  
 And mail of manye a fold:  
 And hee putt a steele cap on his head,  
 Was gilt with good red gold.

80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 And another att his feete:  
 And twentye good knights he placed at hand,  
 To watch him in his sleepe.

And



# AND BALLADS. 47

And about the middle time of the night, 85  
 Came twentye-four traitours inn:  
 Sir Gyles he was the foremost man,  
 The leader of that ginn.

The old knight with his bright browne sword,  
 Sir Gyles head soon did winn: 90  
 And scant of all those twenty-foure,  
 Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,  
 Crept forth at a window of stone:  
 And he had two armes when he came in, 95  
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye  
 With torches burning bright:  
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,  
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumbled on  
 It was sir Gyles his foote:  
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is mee!  
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

The next thinge that she stumbled on 105  
 It was sir Gyles his heade:  
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me!  
 Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,  
 And did her body spille; 110  
 He cutt the cares beside her heade,  
 And bade her love her fille.

He

## 48      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

He called then up his litle foot-page,  
And made him there his heyre;  
And sayd henceforth my worldlye goodes      115  
And countrie I forswear.

He fhope the crosse on his right shoulder,  
Of the white 'clothe' and the redde \*,  
And went him into the holy land,  
Whereas Christ was quicke and deade.      120

\*  
\*

### IX.

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

### A SCOTTISH SONG.

*Tradition assures us that the author of this song was K. James V. of Scotland; and the subject of it, an adventure he had with a country girl in disguise. It has humour: the old woman's surprise on discovering her loss has been particularly admired; History informs us that James was both amorous and poetical: many of his verses were extant when Drummond of Hawthornden wrote his history. — James V. died Dec. 13, 1542, aged 33.*

## THE

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*Ver. 119. fieshe. MS.*

\* Every person, who went on a CROISADE to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [ *Vide Spelman's Glossar. Chambers Dict. &c.* ]

**T**HE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee  
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee  
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,  
 Will ze lodge a filly poor man.

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
 And down azont the ingle he fat:  
 My dochters fshoulders he gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

5

O wow! quo he, were I as free,  
 As first when I saw this countrie,  
 How blyth and merry wad I bee!  
 And I wad nevir think lang.

10

He grew canty, and she grew fain;  
 But little did her auld minny ken  
 What thir flee twa togither were say'n,  
 When wooing they were fa thrang.

15

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,  
 As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,  
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa wi' me thou fould gang.  
 And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,  
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,  
 Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,  
 And awa with thee Ild gang.

20

Between the twa was made a plot;  
 They raife a wee before the cock,  
 And wylieli they fhot the lock,  
 And fast to the bent are they gane.

25

Up

# 50. A N C I E N T S O N G S

Up the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leifure put on her claiths, 39  
Syne to the fervants bed fhe gaes  
To fpeir for the filly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,  
The ftrae was cauld, he was away,  
She clapt her hands, cryd, wal-a-day, 35  
For fome of our geir will be gane.  
Some ran to coffers, and some to kifts,  
But nought was ftown that could be mift,  
She dancid her lane, cryd, praife be bleft,  
I have lodg a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,  
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,  
Gae butt the houfe, lafs, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben,  
The fervant gaed where the dochter lay, 45  
The fheets was cauld, fhe was away,  
And faft to her goodwife can fay,  
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haft ze find thefe traitors agen; 50  
For fhees be burnt, and hees be flein,  
The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.  
Some rade upo horfe, fome ran a fit,  
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;  
She could na gang, nor yet could fhe fit, 55  
But ay did curfe and did ban.

Mean

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,  
 Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,  
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,  
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang. 60  
 The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,  
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou, 65  
 Ilfardly wad she crook her mou,  
 Sic a poor man fheld nevir trow,  
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.  
 My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;  
 And hae na learnt the beggars tonge, 70  
 To follow me frae toun to toun,  
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kank and keel, Ill win zour bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed 75  
 To carrie the gaberlunzie—o.  
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,  
 A crible or blind they will cau mee:  
 While we fall 'sing and be merrie—o.' 80

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*Ver. 80. be merrie and sing. Common editions.*

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## X.

## CHILD WATERS.

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same poem called Child Tristram. [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13. — B. 6. c. 2. st. 36. — *Ibid.* c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called Child Roland. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word received along with their Romances from the Spaniards, with whom Infante signifies a Prince. Another critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called Infans, Varlets, Damoyfels, Bacheliers. The most noble of the youth were particularly called Infans." A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cniht* knight, signifies also a Child. [See Upton's gloss to the *F. Q.*]

The Editor's MS. collection, whence the following piece is taken, affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title: but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song intitled Gil Morrice, in this volume.

CHilde Waters in his stable stode  
 And stroakt his milke-white steede:  
 To him a fayre yonge ladye came  
 As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;  
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see:  
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,  
 Is now too fhort for mee.

And

And all is with one childe of yours,

I feele sturre at my side:

10

My gowne of greene it is too straichte;

Before, it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine as you tell mee;

Then take you Chefhire and Lancashire both,

15

Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,

Be mine, as you doe sweare;

Then take you Chefhire and Lancashire both,

And make that childe your heyre.

20

Shee fayer, I had rather have one kisse,

Childe Waters, of thy mouth;

Than I wolde have Chefhire and Lancashire both,

That lye by north and fouth.

And I had rather have one twinklinge,

Childe Waters of thine ee:

25

Then I wolde have Chefhire and Lancashire both,

To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrowe, Ellen, I must forth ryde

30

Farr into the north countree;

The fayrest ladye that I can finde,

Ellen, must goe with mee.

'Thoughe I am not that lady fayer,

'Yet let me go with thee':

35

And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,

Your foot-page let me bee,

# 54      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,  
 As you doe tell to mee;  
 Then you must cut your gowne of greene,  
 An inch above your knee:

40

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,  
 An inch above your ee:  
 You must tell no man what is my name;  
 My footpage then you shall bee.

45

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
 Ran barefoote by his fyde;  
 Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,  
 To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

50

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
 Ran barefoote thorow the broome;  
 Yet was hee never soe courteous a knyghte,  
 To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, fhee sayd, O Childe Waters,  
 Why doe you ryde so fast?  
 The childe, which is no mans but thine,  
 My bodye itt will braft.

55

Hee sayth, seest thou yond water, Ellen,  
 That flows from banke to brimme. —  
 I trust in God, O Childe Waters,  
 You never will see me swimme.

60

But when fhee came to the water fyde,  
 Shee sayled to the chinne:  
 Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,  
 For I must learne to swimme.

The



# 2 AND BALLADS: A 55

The salt waters bate up her clothes; 64  
 Our Ladye bare up her chinne :  
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,  
 To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when fhee over the water was  
 Shee then came to his knee. 70  
 Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn.  
 Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
 Of red gold shines the yate:  
 Of twenty foure faire ladies there 75  
 The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?  
 Of red golde shines the towre,  
 There are twenty four fayre ladyes there,  
 The fayrest is my paramoure. 80

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,  
 Of redd golde shines the yate:  
 God give you good now of yourselfe,  
 And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters, 85  
 Of red golde shines the towre :  
 God give you good now of yourselfe,  
 And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were  
 A playing at the ball: 90

D 2

And

---

*Ver. 84. worldlye. MS.*

# 56 ANCIENT SONGS

And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,  
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were,  
A playinge at the cheffe;  
And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,  
Must bring his horse to graffe.

95

And then bespake Childe Waters sifter,  
These were the wordes sayd shee:  
You have the prettyest page, brother,  
That ever I did see.

100

But that his bellye it is foe bigge,  
His girdle stands foe hye:  
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,  
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot page,  
That has run throughe mosse and myre,  
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,  
That weares foe riche attyre.

105

It is more meete for a little foot page,  
That has run throughe mosse and myre,  
To take his supper upon his knee,  
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

110

Now when they had supped every one,  
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:  
He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,  
And hearken what I saye.

115

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And lowe into the streete;

The

The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,  
Hyre in mine armes to sleepe,  
And take her up in thine armes twaine,  
For fying \* of her feete.

120

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And lowe into the streets:  
The fayrest ladye that thee wolde finde,  
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;  
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,  
For fying of her feete.

125

I praye you nowe, good Childe Waters,  
Let mee lye at your feete:  
For there is noe place about this house,  
Where I may faye a sleepe.

130

' He gave her leave, and faire Ellen  
' Down at his beds feete laye:  
This done the night drove on apace,  
And when it was neare the daye,

135

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,  
Give my steede corne and hays;  
And give him nowe the good black oats,  
To carry mee better awaye.

140

Up then rose the fayre Ellen  
And gave his steede corne and hays:  
And soe shee did the good black oats,  
To carry him the better awaye.

D 3

She

\* i. e. desfling.

Ver. 132. i. e. essay attempt.

She leaped her back to the manger side, 145

And grievously did groane;

Shee leaned her back to the manger side,

And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,

Shee heard 'her woefull woe.' 150

Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,

And into thy stable goe.

For in thy stable is a ghost,

That grievously doth grone:

Or else some woman laboures with childe; 155

Shee is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,

And did on his shirte of filke;

And then he put on his othere clothes,

On his bodye as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable dore,

Full still there hee did stand,

That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,

Howe shee made her monand.

Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine own dear childe, 165

Lullabye, deare childe, deare:

I wolde thy fathern were a kinge;

Thy mothere layd on a bier.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,

Bee of good cheere, I praye; 170

And the bridall and the churchinge bothe

Shall bee upon one daye. XL

*Ver. 164. i. e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.*

## XI.

## PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

*From a small quarto MS. in the editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth: It's author unknown,*

**I**N the merrie moneth of Maye,  
In a morne by break of daye,  
With a troope of damselles playing  
Forthe 'I yode' forfooth a maying:

Whan anon by a wood side,  
Where that Maye was in his pride,  
I espied all alone  
Phillida and Corydon.

Muche adoe there was, god wot;  
He wold love, and she wold not.  
She sayde, never man was trewe:  
He sayes, never false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:  
She sayes, love cold have no wronge.  
Corydon wold kisse her then:  
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all:  
When she made the shepperde call  
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,  
Never livde a truer youthe.

D 4

Then

---

*Ver. 4. the wode. MS.*

Then with manie a prettie othe,  
 Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe;  
 Suche as feelie shepperdes use  
 When they doe not love abuse,

Love that had bene long deluded,      25  
 Was with kisses sweete concluded;  
 And the mayde with garlands gaye  
 'Crownde' the lady of the Maye.

## XII.

## LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

*This ballad is ancient, and has been popular: we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle. 4to. 1613. Act. 5. The Varietie, a comedy, 12mo. 1649. Act 4. &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, The Witts, A. 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself,*

" Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,  
 " And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.

*In the Pepys Collection is an imitation of this old song, in a different measure, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.*

*This is given from an old printed copy corrected in part by the Editor's folio manuscript.*

**A**S it fell out on a highe holye daye,  
 As many bee in the yeare,  
 When yong men and maides together do goe  
 Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little

---

Ver. 28. Was the. MS.

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5  
 The priest was at the mass,  
 But he had more mind of the fine women  
 Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,  
 And others were clad in pall, 10  
 And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,  
 The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave,  
 As bright as the summer funne:  
 O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15  
 This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,  
 Fulle long and manye a daye.  
 So have I loved you, ladye faire,  
 Yet word I never durst saye. 20

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,  
 Full daintilye bedight,  
 If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,  
 Thoult lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire, 25  
 This kindness yee shew to mee;  
 And whether it be to my weale or woe,  
 This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a tines foot-page,  
 By his ladyes coach as he ranne: 30  
 Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,  
 Yet I me my lord Barnardes manne.

## 62      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this  
 Although I lose a limbe.  
 And ever whereas the bridges were broke      35  
 He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleepe or awake, thou lord Barnard,  
 As thou art a man of life,  
 Lo! this same night at Bucklesford - Bury  
 Little Musgraves abed with thy wife.      40

If it be trewe, thou tinely foot - page,  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 Then all my lands in Bucklesford - Bury  
 I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou tinely foot - page,      45  
 This tale thou hast told to mee,  
 On the highest tree in Bucklesford - Bury  
 All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,  
 And saddle me my steede,      50  
 This night must I to Bucklesford - Bury;  
 God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they fang,  
 And some did loudlye saye,  
 Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe      55  
 Awaye, Musgrave, awaye.

Methinkes I hear the troffe coöke,  
 Methinkes I heare the jaye,  
 Methinkes I heare lord Barnardes horne,  
 I would I were awaye.      60

Lye



Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,  
And huggle me from the cold,  
For it is but some shephard's boye  
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,  
Thy horse eating corne and haye?  
And thou a gaye ladye within thine armes:  
And wouldst thou be awaye?

65

With that lord Barnard came to the dore,  
And lighted upon a stone;  
And he pulled out three silver keyes,  
And opened the dores eche one.

70

He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the sheete;  
How now, how now, thou little Musgrave,  
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,  
The more is my griefe and paine;  
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes  
That I were on yonder plaine.

80

Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,  
And put thy cloathes howe on,  
It shall never be said in my countree,  
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbarde,  
Full deare they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse.

85

The

64      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

The first stroke that little Musgrave stricke,  
 He hurt lord Barnard fore ;      90  
 The next stroke that lord Barnard stricke,  
 Little Musgrave never stricke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire ,  
 In bed whereas she laye,  
 Although thou art dead, my little Musgrave ,      95  
 Yet for thee I will praye :

And wishe well to thy soule will I,  
 So long as I have life;  
 So will I not do for thee, Barnard,  
 Though I am thy wedded wife.      100

He cut her pappes from off her brest;  
 Great pitye it was to see  
 Some drops of this faire ladyes bloode  
 Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth , wo worth ye, my merrie men all,      105  
 You never were borne for my goode:  
 Why did you not offer to stay my hande ;  
 When you see me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest fir knighte ,  
 That ever rode on a steede ;      110  
 So have I done the fairest lady'e ,  
 That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, grave, lord Barnard cryde,  
 To putt these lovers in,  
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande ,      115  
 For shee comes o' the better kin.

XIII.

XIII.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*This sonnet is said to be of great antiquity : that and its simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.*

**W**ILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,  
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?

The sun shines sweit, my Marion,

But nae half fae sweit as thee.

O Marions a bonnie lass;

And the blyth blinks in her ee:

And fain wad I marrie Marion,

Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

5

Theires gowd in zour garters, Marion;

And filk on zour white haufs-bane.

Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion

At eene quhan I cum hame.

Theires braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,

Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee

At kirk, quhan they see my Marion,

Bot nane of tham lues like mee.

10

15

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,

A cow and a brawney quay:

Ife gie tham an to my Marion,

Just on her bridal day.

20

And

# 66      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And zees get a grein fey apron ,  
 And waistcote o' London broun ;  
 And wow bot ze will be vaporin  
 Quhaneer ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion, 25  
 Nane dance lik mee on the greine,  
 And gin ze forfak me, Marion,  
 Ife een gae draw up wi' Jeane.  
 Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,  
 And kirtle oth cramafie; 30  
 And fune as my chin has nae haire on,  
 I fall cum weft, and fee zee.

## XIV.

### THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

*From an old printed copy in the Editor's possession.*

**T**HERE was a shepherds daughter  
 Came tripping on the waye,  
 And there by chance a knichte fhee mett,  
 Which caufed her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide, 5  
 These words pronounced hee:  
 O I fhall dye this daye, he sayd,  
 If Ive not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyde, 1  
 That you fhold waxe so wode! 10  
 'But for all that fhee could do or faye,  
 ' He wold not be withstood.

Sith

Sith you have had your will of mee,  
 And put me to open fhamé,  
 Now, if you are a courteous knyghte, 15  
 Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,  
 And some do call mee Jille;  
 But when I come to the kings faire courte 20  
 They call me Wilfulle Wille.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,  
 And awaye then he did ride;  
 She tuckt her girdle about her middle  
 And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water, 25  
 She sett her brest and swamme,  
 And when she was got out againe,  
 She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knyghte,  
 To faye, faire maide, will you ride? 30  
 Nor she was never so loving a maide  
 To faye, fir knyghte abide,

When she came to the kings faire courte,  
 She knocked at the ring  
 So readye was the king himself 35  
 To let this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,  
 Now Christ you save and see,  
 You have a knyghte within your courte  
 This daye hath robbed mee. 40

What

# 68      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?  
Of purple or of pall?

Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring  
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige,  
Of purple nor of pall:

45

But he hath gotten my maiden head,  
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,  
His bodye Ile give to thee;

50

But if he be a married man,  
High hanged hee fshall bee.

He called downe his merrie men all,  
By one, by two, by three;

Sir William used to bee the first,  
But nowe the last came hee.

55

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,  
Tyed up withinne a glove,

Faire maid, Ile give the same to thee,  
And seeke thee another love.

60

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,  
Nor Ile have none of your fee,

But your faire bodye I must have  
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then  
Five hundred pound in golde,

65

Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,  
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis

'Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,

These words then answered thee,

70

But your own bodye I must have,

The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,

When I did drinke the wine,

Rather than any shepherds brat

75

Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,

When I did drink the ale,

Rather than ever a shepherds brat

Shold tell me such a tale!

80

A shepherds brat even as I was,

You mote have let me bee,

I never had come to the kings faire courte,

To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede,

85

And himself upon a graye;

He hung a bugle about his necke,

And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,

Where marriage-rites were done,

90

She proved herself a dukes daughter

And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, fir knight,

Your pleasure shall be free:

If you make me ladye of one good towne,

95

Ile make you lord of three.

## TO ANCIENT SONGS

Ah ! curfed bee the gold , he fayd ,  
 If thou hadft not been trewe ,  
 I fhould have forfaken my fweet love ,  
 And have changd her for a newe.

100

And now their hearts being linked faft ,  
 They joyned hand in hande :  
 Thus he had both purfe , and perfon too ,  
 And all at his commande.

### XV.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

*From the fmal MS. volume , mentioned above in page 66.*

GOOD Mufe , rocke me aflepe  
 With fome fweete harmony :  
 This wearie eyes is not to kepe  
 Thy wary company.

Sweete Love , begon a while ,  
 Thou feeft my heavines :  
 Beautie is borne but to beguyle  
 My harte of happines.

5

See howe my little flocke ,  
 That lovde to feede on highe ,  
 Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke ,  
 And in the valley dye.

10

The bufhes and the trees ,  
 That were fo frefhe and greene ,  
 Doe all their deintie colors leefe ,  
 And not a leafe is feene.

15

The



The blacke birde and the thrufhe,  
That made the woodes to ringe,  
With all the reft, are now at hufhe,  
And not a note do finge.

20

Swete Philomene, the birde  
That hath the heavenly throte,  
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde  
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a froft,  
The herbs have lofte their favoure;  
'For haples Corydon' hath loft  
'His lovelye Phyllis' favoure.

25

And therefore, my fweete Mufe,  
That knoweft what helpe is beft,  
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge ufe  
To fett my harte at reft:

30

And in a dreame bewraie  
What fate fhall be my frende;  
Whether my life fhall ftill decaye,  
Or foone my forrowes ende.

35

XVI.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR.

*From a ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys colle-  
ction, intituled, "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love  
of lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the down-*

E 2

*"fall*

## 72 ANCIENT SONGS

*"fall of the browne girl.," — In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure. A proof of it's popularity.*

**L**ORD Thomas he was a bold forrester,  
And a chafer of the kings deere;  
Faïre Ellinor was a fine womàn,  
And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd,      5  
And riddle us both as one;  
Whether I shall marrye with faïre Ellinor,  
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,  
Faïre Ellinor she has got none,      10  
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,  
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,  
As many there are beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to faïre Ellinor,      15  
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faïre Ellinors bower,  
He knocked there at the ring,  
And who was so ready as faïre Ellinor,  
To lett lord Thomas withinn.      20

What newes, what newes, lord Thomas, she sayd?  
What newes dost thou bring to mee?  
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad newes for thee.

# A N D B A L L A D S, 73

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she sayd,  
 That such a thing should be done;  
 I thought to have been thy bride my selfe,  
 And thou to have been the bridegrome. 25

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd,  
 And riddle it all in one; 30  
 Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,  
 Or whether shall tarry at home?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughter,  
 And manye that are your foe,  
 Therefore I charge you on my blessing, 35  
 To lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mother,  
 But if thousands there were my foe,  
 Betide me life, betide me death,  
 To lord Thomas his wedding Ile goe. 40

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,  
 And her merrye men all in greene,  
 And as they rid through everye towne,  
 They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate, 45  
 She knocked there at the ring;  
 And who was so readye as lord Thomas,  
 To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, faire Ellinor sayd?  
 Methinks she looks wonderous browne, 50  
 Thou mightest have had as faire a woman,  
 As ever trod on the grounde.

## 74      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,  
 Despise her not unto mee;  
 For better I love thy little finger,  
 Than all her whole bodèe. 55

This browne bride had a little penknife,  
 That was both long and sharpe,  
 And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
 She prickd faire Ellinor's harte. 60

O Chrif thee save, lord Thomas hee said,  
 Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan;  
 Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour,  
 As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas? she sayd, 65  
 Or canst thou not very well see?  
 Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode  
 Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side:  
 As he walked about the halle, 70  
 He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,  
 And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilt against the ground,  
 And the point against his harte.  
 There were never three lovers together did meete, 75  
 That sooner againe did parte.

\* \* The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, in vol. 2. pag. 293. — where for "former volume," read "following volume."

XVII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

*This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play intitled, "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lylye, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. This play was first printed in 1591: but the song is given from a later edition.*

**C**UPID and my Campaspe playd  
 At cards for kisses; Cupid payd:  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows,  
 Loses them too; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lippe, the rose  
 Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)  
 With these, the crystat of his browe,  
 And then the dimple of his chinne;  
 All these did my Campaspe winne.  
 At last he set her both his eyes,  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love! has she done this to thee?  
 What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVIII.

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN,

— is given from a written copy, containing some improvements, (perhaps modern ones) upon the old popular ballad, intitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man."

**Y**OU beauteous ladyes, great and small,  
     I write unto you one and all,  
 Whereby that you may understand  
 What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,  
 An ancient barons only heire,  
 And when my good old father dyed,  
 Then I became a young knightes bride.

5

And there my love built me a bower,  
 Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;  
 A braver bower you ne'er did see  
 Then my true-love did build for mee.

10

And there I livde a ladye gay,  
 Till fortune wrought our loves decay;  
 For there came foes so fierce a band,  
 That soon they over-run the land.

15

They came upon us in the night,  
 And brent my bower, and flew my knight;  
 And trembling hid in mans array,  
 I scant with life escap'd away.

20

In the midst of this extremitie,  
 My servants all did from me flee:  
 Thus was I left myself alone,  
 With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,  
 Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,  
 Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name  
 From faire Elife, to sweet Williame:

25

And

And therewithall I cut my haire,  
 Refolv'd my mans attire to weare;  
 And in my beaver, hose and band,  
 I travell'd far through many a land. 30

At lenght all wearied with my toil,  
 I fate me downe to rest awhile;  
 My heart it was so fill'd with woe,  
 That downe my cheeke the teares did flow. 35

It chanc'd the king of that fame place  
 With all his lords a hunting was,  
 And seeing me weepe, upon the same  
 Askt who I was, and whence I came. 40

Then to his grace I did reple,   
 I am 'a poore and friendlesse boye,  
 Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee  
 A serving-man of lowe degree.]

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,  
 For thee a service I'll provyde;  
 But tell me first what thou canst do,  
 Thou shalt be fitted thereunto. 45

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
 To wait upon my nobles all? 50  
 Or wilt be taster of my wine,  
 To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,  
 About my person to remaine?  
 Or wilt thou be one of my guard, 55  
 And I will give thee great reward?

78      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.  
Then I reply'd, if it please your grace,  
To shew such favour unto mee,  
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

60

The king then smiling gave consent,  
And straitwaye to his court I went;  
Where I behavde so faitfullie,  
That bee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide;  
The king he would a hunting ride  
With all his lords and noble traine,  
Sweet William must at home remaine.

65

Thus being left alone behind,  
My former state came in my mind.  
I wept to see my mans array,  
No longer now a ladye gay.

70

And meeting with a ladyes vest,  
Within the same myself I drest  
With filken robes, and jewels rare,  
I deckt me as a ladye faire.

75

And taking up a lute straitwaye,  
Upon the same I strove to play,  
And sweetly to the same did sing,  
As made both hall and chamber ring.

80

" My father was as brave a lord,  
" As ever Europe did afford;  
" My mother was a lady bright;  
" My husband was a valiant knight:

" And



“ And I myself a ladye gay, 85  
 “ Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;  
 “ The happiest lady in the land,  
 “ Had not more pleasure at command.

“ I had my musicke every day  
 “ Harmonious lessons for to play; 90  
 “ I had my virgins fair and free,  
 “ Continually to wait on mee.

“ But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
 “ And all my friends are from me fled,  
 “ My former days are past and gone, 95  
 “ And I am now a serving-man.”

And fetching many a tender sigh,  
 As thinking no one then was nigh,  
 In pensive mood I laid me lowe,  
 My heart was full, the tears did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,  
 Grewe weary of his sport anone,  
 And leaving all his gallant traine,  
 Turn'd on the sudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his statelie tower, 105  
 Hearing one sing within his bower,  
 He stopt to listen, and to see  
 Who sung there so melodiousle.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,  
 And sawe the pearlye teares I shed, 110  
 And found to his amazement there,  
 Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then

Then stepping in, Faire ladye, rise,  
 And dry, said he, those levelye eyes,  
 For I have heard thy mournful tale,  
 The which shall turne to thy availe. 115

A crimson dye my face orespred,  
 I blusht for shame, and hung my head,  
 To find my sex and story knowne,  
 When as I thought I was alone. 120

But to be briefe, his royall grace  
 Grewe soe enamour'd of my fate,  
 The richest gifts he proffered mee,  
 His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,  
 I'll rather in my grave be layd,  
 And though your grace hath won my heart,  
 I ne'er will act soe base a part. 125

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayde hee,  
 Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,  
 And since it is soe fairly tryde  
 Thou shalt become my royal bride. 130

Then straight to end his amorous strife,  
 He tooke sweet William to his wife:  
 The like before was never seene,  
 A serving-man became a queene. 135



XIX.

GIL MORRICE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*The following piece has lately run thro' two editions in Scotland: the second printed at Glasgow in 1755. 8vo. Pre-fixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;," And "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109. to ver. 121. and from ver. 124. to ver. 129.)*

*As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision.*

*N. B. The Editor's MS instead of "lord Barnard," has "John Stewart,"; and instead of "Gil Morrice," CHILD MAURICE, which last is probably the original title. See above p. 53.*

**G**IL Morrice was an erlès son,  
His name it waxed wide:  
It was nae for his great richès,  
Nor zet his mickle pride;

Bot



And there it is, a filken farke,  
Hir ain hand sewd the fleive;  
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,  
Though it be to zour cost; 40  
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ze fall find frost.

The baron he's a man of might,  
He neir could bide to taunt,  
As ze will see before its nicht, 45  
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin  
Sae fair against my will,  
I'll mak a vow and keip it trow,  
It fall be done for ill. 50

And quhen he came to broken brigade,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And quhen came to grafs growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55  
Would neither chap nor ca':  
Bot fet his bent bow to his breift,  
And lightly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stude at the gait; 60  
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,  
Quhair they were fet at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!  
My meffage winna waite;  
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod 65  
Before that it be late.

Ze're

## 84      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,  
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem:  
 Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,  
 Ev'n by your fel alane.

70

And there it is', a filken farke,  
 Your ain hand fewd the fleive;  
 Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morice;  
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.  
 The lady stamped wi' hir foot,  
 And winked wi' hir ee;  
 Bot a' that she cond say or do,  
 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

75

Its surely to my bowr-womàn;  
 It neir could be to me.

80

I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;  
 I trow that ze be she.

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
 (The bairn upon hir knee)

If it be cum frae Gill Morice,  
 It's deir welcum to mee.

85

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurse,  
 Sae loud's I heire ze lee;

I brocht it to lord Barnards lady:

I trow ze be nae fhee.

90

Then up and spack the bauld baròn,

An angry man was hee;

He's tain the table wi' his foot,

Sae has he wi' his knee;

Till fillet cup and ezar difh

95

In flinders he gard flee.

Gae

---

*Ver. 88. Perhaps, loud say I heire:*

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,  
 That hings upon the pin;  
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,  
 And speik wi' zour lemmàn.  
 O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,  
 I warde ze bide at hame;  
 Neir wyte a man for violence,  
 That neir wate ze wi' nane.

100

Gil Morice fate in gude grene wode,  
 He whistled and he sang:  
 O what mean a' the folk comìng,  
 My mother tarries lang.  
 His hair was like the threeds of gold,  
 Drawne frae Minervas loome:  
 His lipps like rofes drapping dew,  
 His breath was a' perfume.

105

110

His brow was like the mountain snae  
 Gilt by the morning beam:  
 His cheeks like living rofes glow:  
 His een like azure stream.  
 The boy was clad in robes of grene,  
 Sweete as the infant spring:  
 And like the mavis on the bush,  
 He gart the vallies ring.

115

120

The baron came to the grene wode,  
 Wi' mickle dule and care,  
 And there he first spied Gill Morice  
 Kameing his zellow hair:  
 That sweetly wavd around his face,  
 That face beyond compare:

125

# 86 ANCIENT SONGS

He fang fae sweet it might dispel,  
A' rage but fell dispair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
My lady loed thee weel,  
The fairest part of my body` 130  
Is blacker than thy heel.

Zet neir the lefs'now, Gill Morice,  
For a' thy great bewty`,  
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born; 135  
That head fall'gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And flaited on the strae;  
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body`  
He's gar cauld iron gae. 140

And he has tain Gill Morice' head  
And set it on a speir:  
The meanest man in a' his train  
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up, 145  
Laid him acrofs his steid,  
And brocht him to his painted bowr  
And laid him on a bed.

The lady sat on castil wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down; 150  
And there she saw Gill Morice' head  
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
Bot and that zellow hair,  
Than

---

*Ver. 128. So Milton,*  
*Vernal delight and joy: able to drive*  
*All sadness but despair. B. iv. v. 15.*



Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,  
As they lig here and thair.

And fhe has tain hir Gill Morice,  
And kifs'd baith mouth and chin:

I was once as fow of Gill Morice,  
As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,  
Wi' mickle fin and fham;

I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,  
Under the heavy rain:

Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,  
And fondly seen thee sleep;

Bot now I gae about thy grave,  
The faut tears for to weep.

And syne fhe kifs'd his bluidy cheik,  
And syne his bluidy chin:

O better I loe my Gill Morice  
Than a' my kith and kin!

Away, away, ze ill woman,  
And an il deith mait ze dee:

Gin I had kend he'd bin zour fon,  
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!

Obraid me not for Thame!

Wi' that faim speir O pierce my heart!  
And put me out o' pain.

Since nothing bot Gill Morice head

Thy jelous rage could quell.

Let that faim hand now tak hir life,

That neir to thee did ill.

# 88 ANCIENT SONGS

To me nae after days nor nights 185  
 Will eir be fast or kind;  
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
 And greet till I am blind.  
 Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,  
 Seek not zour death frae mees; 190  
 I rather lound it had been my fel  
 Than eather him of thee.  
 With waefu wae I hear zour plaints;  
 Sair, fair I rew the deid,  
 That eir this cursed hand of mine 195  
 Had gard his body blaid.  
 Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,  
 Ze neir can heal the wound;  
 Ze fee his head upon the speir,  
 His heart's blude on the ground. 200  
 I curse the hand that did the deid,  
 The heart that thocht the ill;  
 The feet that bore me wi' ilk speid,  
 The comely zouth to kill.  
 I'll ay lament for Gill Morice, 205  
 As gin he wère my ain;  
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
 On which the zouth was flain.\*

\* The foregoing ballad is said to have furnished the plot to the tragedy of DOUGLAS.

It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110. thus

"Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver. 116. as follows

"His een like azure spheene."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ANCIENT  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
&c.

SERIES THE THIRD,  
BOOK II.

I.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly intitled, “A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of  
“chivalry atchieved by that noble knight sir Guy of War-  
“wick, who, for the love of fair Pheliss, became a hermit,

“ and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from  
 “ Warwick.”

The history of *sir Guy*, tho' now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Tho' of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525: and is alluded to the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which it is believed was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories is extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (*viz.*

“ Men speken of romances of price,

“ Of Horne childe and Ippotis.

“ Of Bevis, and *sir Guy*, &c. R. of Thop.

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bridebaks, as we learn from Puttenham's art of poetry, &c. 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, “ Imprinted at London — for Wylliam Copland. ” in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad,

— “ A messenger came to the king.

“ Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,

“ For bad tydinges I bring you,

“ In Northumberlande there is no man,

“ But that they be slayne everychone :

“ For there dare no man route,

“ By twenty myle rounde aboute,

“ For

- " For doubt of a fowle dragon,  
 " That sleath men and beastes downe.  
 " He is blacke as any cole,  
 " Rugged as a rough fole;  
 " His bodye from the navill upwarde  
 " No man may it pierce it is so harde;  
 " His neck is great as any summere;  
 " He renneth as swifte as any distrere;  
 " Paces he hath as a lyon:  
 " All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
 " Great winges he hath to flight,  
 " That is no man that bare him might.  
 " There may no man fight him agayne,  
 " But that he sleath him certayne:  
 " For a fowler beast then is he,  
 " Twis of none never heard ye.,

The accurate Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, tho' he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 929, *Ætat. Guy, 70.* See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan, as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102 & and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the burning pestle*, act. 2. sc. ult.

Printed from an ancient MS copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the *Pepys* collection.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake  
 Soe test in love, as I fir Guy  
 For Phelis fayre, that lady bright  
 As ever man beheld with eye?

Shee gave me leave myself to try,  
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,  
 Ere that her love shee wold grant me;  
 Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron hold,  
 In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight  
 That in those dayes in England was,  
 With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An Englich man I was by birthe:  
 In faith of Christ a christyan true:  
 The wicked lawes of infidells  
 I fought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde  
 After our Saviour Christ his birthe,  
 When king Athelstone wore the crowne,  
 I lived heere upon the earthe.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,  
 And, as I sayd, of very truthe  
 A ladyes love did me constrain  
 To seeke strange ventures in my youthe.

To

---

*Ver. 9. The proud fir Guy. P. Ver. 17. Two hundred.  
 M. S. and P.*

To win me fame by feates of armes 25  
 In strange and sundry heathen lands;  
 Where I atchieved for her sake  
 Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,  
 And there I stoutlye wan in fight 30  
 The emperours daughter of Almayne,  
 From manye a vallyant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece  
 To helpe the emperour in his right;  
 Against the mightye souldans hoaste 35  
 Of puissant Perfians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,  
 And heathen pagans, manye a man;  
 And slew the souldans cozen deare,  
 Who had to name doughtye Coldran. 40

Esckeldered a famous knight  
 To death likewise I did pursue:  
 And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,  
 Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast, 45  
 Being thither on embassage sent,  
 And brought his head awaye with mee,  
 I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land  
 Most fiercelye mett me by the way 50  
 As hee a lyon did pursue,  
 Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,  
 And came to Pavye land aright :  
 Where I the duke of Pavye killd,      55  
 His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,  
 To wedd faire Phelis ladye bright:  
 For love of whome I travelled farr  
 To try my manhood and my might.      60

But when I had espoused her,  
 I stayd with her but fortye dayes,  
 Ere that I left this ladye faire,  
 And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrime fort,      65  
 My voyage from her I did take  
 Unto the blessed Holy - land,  
 For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,  
 And all his sonnes which were fifteene,      70  
 Who with the cruell Sarazens  
 In prison there long time had beene.

I flew the gyant Amarant  
 In battel fiercelye hand to hand:  
 And doughty Barknard killed I,      75  
 A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,  
 And here with Colbronde fell I fought:  
 An ugly gyant, which the Dames  
 Had for their champion hither brought.      80



I overcame him in the feild,  
And flewe him soone right valliantlye;  
Wherebye this land I did redeeme  
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp  
The use of weapons solemnlye  
At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
In fight of manye farr and nye. 85

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye  
A bore of passing might and strength;  
Whose like in England never was  
For hugeness both in bredth, and length. 90

Some of his bones in Warwicke yet,  
Within the castle there doe lye:  
One of his sheild-bones to this day  
Hangs in the citey of Coventrye. 95

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe flewe  
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;  
Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  
Still for a monument doe lye;  
Which unto every lobkers viewe  
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland,  
I alsoe did in fight destroye,  
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  
And all the countrye fore annoye. 105

---

*Ver. 94. 102. dothlye. MS.*

96      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
 Like pilgrime poore and was not knowne;      110  
 And there I livd a hermites life  
 A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
 Out of a craggy rocke of stone;  
 And lived like a palmer poore      115  
 Within that cave myself alone:

And daiely came to begg my bread  
 Of Phelis at my castle gate;  
 Not knowne unto my loving wife,  
 Who daiely mourned for her mate.      120

Till at the last I fell fore-ficke,  
 Yea ficke for fore that I must die;  
 I sent to her a ringe of golde,  
 By which she knewe me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave      125  
 Before that I gave up the ghost;  
 Herself closd up my dying eyes:  
 My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
 To bring my corpes unto the grave;      130  
 And like a palmer dyed I,  
 Wherby I fought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,  
 Though now it be consumed to mold;  
 My statue faire engraven in stone,      135  
 In Warwicke still you may behold.

II.

II.

GUY AND AMARANT.

*Though the following is not so properly a song, as a regular poem, yet as the Editor found it in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads, he was willing it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, such a small deviation from his plan may be pardoned.*

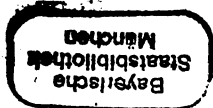
*Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of sir Guy: for upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.*

*The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story intirely his own.*

**G**UY journeyed ore the sanctified ground,  
 Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,  
 Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crown'd,  
 And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:  
 To see the sepulcher was his intent,  
 The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,  
 And passed desert places full of danger,

At



98      A N C I E N T S O N G S

At last with a most woefull wight \* did meet,  
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger: 10  
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all  
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detain'd them,  
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength:  
 Who in a castle, which he held, had chain'd them: 15  
 Guy questions, where? and understands at length  
 The place not farr. — Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,  
 He lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,  
 Like one, he sayes, that must, and will come in: 20  
 The gyant he was nere foe rowzd before;  
 For noe such knocking at his gate had bin:  
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and goeth out  
 Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirrah, sayes hee, what busines hast thou heere? 25  
 Art come to feast the crows about my walls?  
 Didst never heare, noe ransom told him cleere,  
 That in the compas of my furre falls:  
 For making me to take a porters paines,  
 With this fame clubb I will dash out thy braines. 30

Gyant, sayes Guy, y'are quarrellsome I see,  
 Choller and you are something neere of kin:  
 Most dangerous at a clubb belike you bee,  
 I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin;  
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight, 35  
 Keene is my weapon, and must doe me right.

Soe

---

\* Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad,

Soe takes his sword, salutes him with the same  
 About the head, the shoulders, and the sides;  
 Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,  
 Standinge with huge Coloffus' spacious strides, 40  
 Putting such vigour to his knotted beame,  
 That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,  
 For Guy was nimble to avoyde them full,  
 And ere he cold recover his clubb againe, 45  
 Did beate his plated coat against his will:  
 Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,  
 To beat him foundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through 'lacke of' strength hee feeble grewe,  
 And sayd to Guy, as thou'rt of humane race, 50  
 Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,  
 Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:  
 Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,  
 Than to grant life, thats given by the spring.

I give thee leave, sayes Guye, goe drinke thy last, 55  
 Go pledge the dragon, and the savage bore\*:  
 Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,  
 But never thinke to drinke cold water more:  
 Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouse:  
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house. 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and flakes his thirst;  
 Takeing the water in extremely like  
 Some wraked shipp that on some rocke is burst,  
 Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke;  
 Scoping

---

\* Which Guy had slain before. Ver. 64. bulke. MS.

# 100 ANCIENT SONGS

Scoping it in foe fast with both his hands, 65  
That Guy admiring to behold him stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, lets to our worke againe,  
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;  
The fish, which in the river doe remaine,  
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:  
But I will 'have' their satisfaction made, 71  
With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee straight;  
Thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence:  
This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75  
Has deathes commission to dispatch thee hence:  
Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes;  
And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Inceded much att this bold pagans postes,  
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80  
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,  
Which like two pillars did his body beare:  
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes,  
And desperately att Guy his clubb he throwes:

Which did directly on his body light, 85  
Soe heavy, and so weighty there-withall,  
That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;  
And, ere he cold recover from his fall,  
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,  
And aimed a blowe that wonderfullye mist. 90

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,  
This coward act to intercept my bloode.  
Sayes Amarant, Ile murder any way,  
With enemyes all vantages are good:

O cold I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,  
Before of it I wold destroy thee foe. 95

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,  
Within that beastly bulke where devills dwell,  
Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,  
But will be landlords when thou comest in hell: 100  
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,  
Inhumane monster, hurtfull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, whyle I goe drinke,  
For flaming Phoebus with his fyerye eye  
Torments me foe with burning heat, I thinke 105  
My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye:  
Forbear awhile, as I delt with thee.  
Quoth Amarant, thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,  
How I shold use such enemyes as thou, 110  
By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,  
To understand that thirst constraines thee now;  
For all the treasure, that the world containes,  
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Relieve my foe! why, were a madmans part;  
Refresh an adversarye to my wronge:  
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:  
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too longe  
To be soe simple: now I know thy want,  
A minutes space to thee I will not grant: 120

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb  
Into the ayre, he swings the same about:  
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,  
And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth shout,  
VOL. III. G Sirra,

## 102 ANCIENT SONGS

Sirra, fayes hee, I have you at a lift, 125  
Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee  
A medicine, will doe thy thirst much good;  
Take noe more care of drinke before I end thee,  
And then weele have carouses of thy blood: 130  
Heres at thee with a butchers downright blow,  
To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,  
That seemst a lump of crueltye from hell;  
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135  
The thing to mee wherin I used thee well:  
With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,  
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,  
Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof: 140  
Farewell my thirst; I doe disdain to drinke,  
Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof;  
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;  
With those pearle drops I will not have to do,

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145  
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:  
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill;  
It is not that same clubb will beare you out;  
And take this payment on thy flaggye crowne —  
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe. 150

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,  
And from his shoulders did his head divide,  
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape unblest  
Noe dragons jawes were ever seene so wide.

To



To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155  
Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,  
Which had beene tyred with extremitie,  
Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,  
And reasoned with them of their miserye: 160  
Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,  
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeon lay,  
That were surprisid in the desart wood,  
And had noe other dyett everye day, 165  
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:  
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,  
And in their wombes their husbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,  
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes; 170  
And, as he seareth, doth great clamours heare,  
By which sad sounds direction on he goes,  
Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,  
Armd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appeares 175  
The strangeff object that he ever saw;  
Men that with famishment of many yeares,  
Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw;  
Divers of them were hanged by eche thumb:  
Others head-downward: by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walls,  
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:  
Then the perplexed knight the father calls,  
And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and faint:

I promis'd you their lives, accept of that; 185  
But did not promise you they should be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heeres the keyes.  
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:  
Procure the gentle tender ladies ease,  
For pittyes sake, use wronged women well: 190  
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do:  
But poore weake women have no strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,  
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete:  
Father, quoth he, refraine foe base a kifs, 195  
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:  
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,  
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

## III.

## THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

*This beautiful old song is given from a very ancient copy in the editor's folio MS. In the same copy was an additional stanza, but so inferior to the rest, that it was evidently spurious. In that small collection called "The golden garland of princely delights," may be seen five such spurious stanzas, tagged to this sonnet. A proof how much it has been the favorite of the publick.*

SHALL I, wasting in dispayre,  
Dye because a womans fayre?

Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
Because anothers rosy are?

Be

Be she fayrer than the daye, 5  
Or the flowerye meades in Maye,  
If she think not well of mee,  
What care I howe fayre she bee?

Shall a womans goodnesse move  
Mee to perishe for her love? 10  
O her worthy merits knowne  
Make mee quite forget my owne?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
The turtle - dove, or pelican,  
If she bee not foe to mee, 15  
What care I how kind shee bee?

Be she good, or kind, or fayre,  
I will never more dispayre.  
If she love mee, this believe,  
I will dye ere she shall grieve: 20  
If she slight mee, when I woe,  
I will scorne and let her goe:  
If she be not made for mee,  
What care I for whom she bee?

IV.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

*This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight  
" of the burning pestle," Acts 2d and 3d; altho' the six  
lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the  
ballad, as it stands at present. The Reader will not wonder  
at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a  
modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is*

## 106 A N C I E N T S O N G S

*" Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's fright-  
ful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death  
and burial of those noble lovers.,, —*

*The lines preserved in the play are this distich,*

*" You are no love for me, Margaret,*

*" I am no love for you.,,*

*And the following stanza,*

*" When it was grown to dark midnight,*

*" And all were fast asleep,*

*" In came Margarets grimly ghost*

*" And stood at Williams feet.,,*

*These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to  
one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language.  
See the song intituled MARGARET'S GHOST, at the end  
of this volume.*

**A**S it fell out on a long summer's day  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margare't,  
And you see none by mee  
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.

5

Fair Margaret fate in her bower-window,  
A combing of her hair;  
She spyed sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

10

Down

Down she layd her ivory combe,  
 And up she bound her hair;  
 She went her way forth of the bower, 15  
 But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
 And all men fast asleep,  
 There came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,  
 And stood at Williams feet. 20

God give you joy, you lovers true,  
 In bride-bed fast asleep;  
 Lo! I am going to my green-grass grave,  
 And I'm in my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone, 25  
 And all men wak'd from sleep,  
 Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
 My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,  
 Such dreames are never good. 30  
 I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,  
 And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my houred Sir,  
 They never do prove good;  
 To dream thy bower was full of 'red' swine, 35  
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,  
 By one, by two, and by three;  
 Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,  
 By the leave of my lady. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
So ready were her seven breth'rèn  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,  
Pray let me see the dead:  
Methinks she does look pale and wan,  
She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,  
Than any of thy kin;  
For I will kifs thy pale wan lips,  
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethèrè,  
 Making most piteous mone:  
 You may go kifs your jolly brown bride,  
 And let our sifter alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right;  
For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,  
Of your white bread and your wine;  
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day , to-day ,  
Sweet William dyed the morrow ;  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love ,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

**Margaret**

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,  
 And William in the higher : 70  
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,  
 And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top  
 Till they could grow no higher ;  
 And there they grew in a true lovers knot, 75  
 Made all the fólke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
 As you this truth shall hear,  
 And by misfortune cut them down,  
 Or they had now been there. 80

V.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

*Given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy  
 in the editor's possession, intituled "Barbara Allen's cruelty,  
 " or the young man's tragedy."*

**I**N Scarlet towne . where I was borne,  
 There was a faire maid dwellin,  
 Made every youth crye, wel-awaye!  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of may, 5  
 When greene buds they were swellin,  
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

2A

G 5

He

# 110      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town, where fhee was dwellin;      10  
 You must come to my master deare,  
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,  
 And ore his hart is stealin:  
 Then haste away to comfort him,      15  
 O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,  
 And ore his harte is stealin,  
 Yett little better f'hall he bee,  
 For bonny Barbara Allen.      20

So slowly, slowly, fhe came up,  
 And slowly fhe came nye him;  
 And all fhe sayd, when there fhe came,  
 Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,      25  
 With deadlye sorrow fighing;  
 O lovely maid, come pity mee,  
 Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,  
 What needs the tale you are tellin:      30  
 I cannot keep you from your death;  
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,  
 As deadlye pangs he fell in:  
 Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,      35  
 Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As



As she was walking ore the fields,  
 She heard the bell a knellin;  
 And every stroke did seem to saye,  
 Unworthy Barbara Allen. 40

She turnd her bodye round about,  
 And spied the corps a coming:  
 Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,  
 That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe, 45  
 Her cheeke with laughter swellin;  
 That all her friends cryd out amaine,  
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
 Her harte was struck with forrowe, 50  
 O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall dye to morrowe.

Hard harted creature him to flight,  
 Who loved me so dearlye:  
 O that I had beene more kind to him, 55  
 When he was live and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,  
 Beg'd to be buried by him:  
 And fore repented of the daye,  
 That she did ere denye him. 60

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in:  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbara Allen. \* \*

## VI.

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

## A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*From Allan Ramsay's Tea Table miscellany. The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.*

**T**HERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,  
 With many a grievous grone,  
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin;  
 But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip?  
 Or is't my brother John?  
 Or is't my true love Willie,  
 From Scotland new come home?

Tis not thy father Philip;  
 Nor yet thy brother John:  
 But tis thy true love Willie  
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!  
 I pray thee speak to mee:  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'fe nevir get,  
 'Of me f'halt nevir win,'  
 Till that thou come within my bower,  
 And kifs my cheek and chin.

# AND BALLADS 113

If I should come within thy bower,  
 I am no earthly man:  
 And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,  
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25  
 I pray thee speak to me:  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'lt nevir get,  
 'Of me shalt nevir win,' 30  
 Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,  
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard  
 Afar beyond the sea,  
 And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35  
 That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lilly-white hand,  
 As for to do her best:  
 Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,  
 God send your soul good rest. 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,  
 A piece below her knee:  
 And at the live-lang winter night  
 The dead corps followed thee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie? 45  
 Or any room at your feet?  
 Or any room at your side, Willie,  
 Wherein that I may creep?

There's

## 114 ANCIENT SONGS

There's nae room at my head, Margret,  
 There's nae room at my feet,  
 There's no room at my side, Margret,  
 My coffin is made so meet.

50

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
 And up then crew the gray:  
 Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,  
 That you were gane away.

55

No more the ghost to Margret said,  
 But, with a grievous grone,  
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
 And left her all alone.

60

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
 The constant Margret cried:  
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her fast limbs, and died.

### VII.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

*Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.*

**I**T was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the greene leaves wer a fallan;  
 That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,  
 Fell in Luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He

He sent his man down throw the townne, 5  
To the plaice wher she was dwellan:  
O haste and cum to my maister deare,  
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,  
To the plaice wher he was lyan; 10  
And whan she drew the curtain by,  
Young man, I think ye're dyan.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And its a' for Barbara Allan:  
O the better for me ye'fe never be, 15  
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, fir,  
Whan ye the cups wer fillan;  
How ye maide the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan? 20

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
And death was with him dealan;  
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',  
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly, raise she up, 25  
And hooly, hooly left him;  
And sighan sayd, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan; 30  
And every jow the deid-bell geid,  
Cried, wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
 O mak it saft and narrow:  
 Since my luvy died for me to day,  
 I fe die for him to morrowe.

\*\*\*

# VIII.

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

*From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she heard the same repeated in her youth. The full title is "True love requited: Or, The Bailiff's daughter of Isling-ton,"*

**T**Here was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,  
 And he was a squire's son:  
 He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,  
 That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye and would not believe  
 That he did love her foe,  
 Noe nor at any time would she  
 Any countenance to him shewe.

But when his friendes did understand  
 His fond and foolish minde,  
 They sent him up to faire London  
 An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,  
 And never his love could see:  
 Many a teare have I shed for her sake.  
 When she little thought of mee.

Then

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and playe,  
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;  
She secretly stole awaye.

20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,  
And put on ragged attire,  
And to faire London she would goe  
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high-road,  
The weather being hot and drye,  
She sat her downe upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding bye.

25

She started up, with a colour foe redd,  
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;  
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,  
Will ease me of much paine.

30

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
Praye tell me where you were borne.  
At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee,  
Where I have had many a scorne.

35

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,  
O tell me, whether you knowe  
The bayliffes daughter of Islington.  
She is dead, sir, long agoe.

40

If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and my bowe;  
For I will into some farr countrye,  
Where noe man shall me knowe.

# 118 ANCIENT SONGS

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe, 45  
 She standeth by thy side;  
 She is here alive, she is not dead,  
 And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell grieve, and welcome joye,  
 Ten thousand times therefore; 50  
 For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,  
 Whom I thought I should never see more.

## IX.

### THE WILLOW - TREE.

#### A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*From the small black-letter collection, intituled, "The Golden Garland of princely delights;," collated with two other copies and corrected by conjecture..*

WILLY.

**H**OW now, shepherde, what meanes that?  
 Why that willowe in thy hat?  
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe  
 Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I; 5  
 Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:  
 Phillis hath forsaken mee,  
 Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.



WILLY.

Phillis! fhee that lov'd thee long?  
Is fhee the lafs hath done thee wrong? 10  
Shee that lov'd thee long and beft,  
Is her love turn'd to a jeft?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,  
She hath robb'd my heart of reft:  
For fhe a new love loves, not mee; 15  
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, fhepherde, let us joine,  
Since thy happ is like to mine:  
For the maid I thought moft true  
Mee hath alfo bid adieu. 20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appeafe,  
Companye doth forrowe eafe:  
Yet, Phillis, ftill I pine for thee,  
And ftill muft weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee, 25  
Caft off grief and willowe-tree:  
For thy grief brings her content,  
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsmen, I'll be rul'd by thee,  
There lyes grief and willowe-tree: 30  
Henceforth I will do as they,  
And love a new love every day.

\* \* \*

H 2

X.

**X.**

## THE LADY'S FALL.

From the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black letter; one in the Britttish Museum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall. To the tune of, In Pescod Time, &c."

**M**ARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,  
 You loyall lovers all,  
 And heedfully beare in your brest,  
 A gallant ladies fall.  
 Long was she woo'd, ere she was wonne,  
 To lead a wedded life,  
 But folly wrought her overthrowe  
 Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent  
And yeelded to his will, 10  
Though he protested to be true,  
And faithfull to her still.  
Shee felt her body altered quite,  
Her bright hue waxed pale,  
Her lovely cheeks chang'd color white, 15  
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a forrowful sigh,  
This beauteous ladye milde,  
With greeved hart, perceiv'd herselfe  
To have conceiv'd with childe.  
Shée kept it from her parents sight  
As close as close might bee,

And

And foe put on her filken gowne  
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly

45

Her greefe fhee did bewray,  
And walking with him hand in hand,  
These words to him did fay;  
Behold, quoth fhee, a maids distresse  
By love brought to thy bowe,  
Behold I goe with childe by thee,  
But none thereof doth knowe.

80

The little babe springs in my wombe

To heare its fathers voyce,  
Lett it not be a bastard call'd,  
Sith I made thee my choyce:

85

Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe  
And wed me out of hand;  
O leave me not in this extreme,  
In grieve alwayes to stand.

40

Thinke on thy former promises,  
Thy oathes and voves eche one;  
Remember with what bitter teares  
To mee thou madest thy moane.  
Convay me to some secrett place,  
And marry me with speede;  
Or with thy rapyer end my life,  
Ere further fhamme proceede.

45

Alacke! my dearest love, quoth hee,  
My greatest joye on earthe,

50

H 3

Which

Which waye can I convey thee hence,  
Without a sudden death?

Thy friends are all of hye degree,  
And I of meane estate;

Full hard it is to gett thee forth  
Out of thy fathers gate.

55

Dread not thy life to save my fame,  
For if thou taken bee,

My selfe will step betweene the swords,  
And take the harme on mee:

60

Soe shall I scape dishonor quite;  
And if I should be flaine

What could they say, but that true love  
Had wrought a ladies bane.

And feare not any further harme;

65

My selfe will foe devise,  
That I will ryde away with thee  
Unknowne of mortal eyes:

Disguised like some pretty page,

Ile meete thee in the darke,

70

And all alone Ile come to thee,

Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare

If God foe lend me life,

On this day month without all faile

75

I will make thee my wife.

Then with a sweet and loving kisse,

They parted presentlye,

And att their partinge brinish teares

Stoode in eche others eye.

80

Att

Att length the wifhed day was come ,  
 On which this beauteous mayd,  
 With longing eyes, and ftrange attire ,  
 For her true lover ftayd :  
 When any perfon fhee efpyed  
 Come ryding ore the plaine ,  
 She hop'd it was her owne true love ;  
 But all her hopes were vaine.

85

Then did fhee weepe and fore bewayle  
 Her moft unhappy fate ;  
 Then did fhee fpeake thefe woefull words ,  
 As fuccourlefs fhee fate :  
 O falfe, forfworne, and faithleffe man ,  
 Difloyall in thy love,  
 Haft thou forgott thy promife paft ,  
 And wilt thou perjur'd prove ?

90

95

And haft thou now forfaken mee  
 In this my great diftrefle,  
 To end my dayes in open flame ,  
 Which thou mightft well redrefle ?  
 Woe worth the time I eer believ'd  
 That flattering tongue of thine ;  
 Would God that I had never feene  
 The teares of thy falfe eyne.

100

And thus with many a forrowful figh,  
 Homewards fhe went againe ;  
 Noe reft came in her waterye eyes,  
 Shee felt fuch privye paine.  
 In travail ftrong fhee fell that night ,  
 With many a bitter throwe ;

105

110

H 4

What

## 124    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

What woefull pangs fhee then did feel,  
Doth eche good woman knowe,

Shee called up her waiting mayd,  
That lay at her bedds feete,

Who musing at her mistrefs woe,  
Began full fast to weepe.

115

Weepe not, said fhee, but shutt the dores,  
And windowes round about,

Let none hewray my wretched state,  
But keepe all perfons out.

120

O mistrefs, call your mother deare,  
Of women you have neede,

And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,  
That better you may speed.

Call not my mother for thy life,  
Nor fetch no women here,

125

The midwifes helpe comes all too late,  
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe  
No creature being nye,

130

And with one fighe, which brake her heart,  
This gallant dame did dye.

The lovely little infant yonge,  
The mother being dead,

Resigned its new received breath  
To him that had it made.

135

Next morning came her own true love,  
Affrighted at the newes,

And he for sorrow flew himfelfe,  
Whom eche one did accuse.

140

The

The mother with her new borne babe,  
 Were both laid in one grave,  
 Their parents overcome with woe,  
 No joy thenceforth cöld have.

Take heed, you daintye damselles all, 145  
 Of flattering words beware,  
 And of the honour of your name  
 Have an especial care.  
 Too true, alas! this story is,  
 As many one can tell. 150  
 By others harmes learne to be wife,  
 And you shall do full well.

XI.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from modern copies. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed,*

"Whan cockle shells turn filler bells,  
 "And muscles grow on every tree,  
 "Whan frost and snaw fall warm us aw',  
 "Than fall my love prove true to me."

*See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.  
 Arthur-seat mentioned in ver, 17. is a hill near Edinbo-  
 rough.*

O Waly waly up the bank,  
 And waly waly down the brae,

H 5

And

And waly waly yon burn fide,  
 Where I and my love wer went to gae.  
 I leant my back nnto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and fyne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

5

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new,  
 But when its auld, it waxeth cauld.  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherfore shuld I bufk my head?  
 Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forfook,  
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

10

15

Now Arthur-feat fall be my bed,  
 The fheets fall neir be fyl'd by me:  
 Saint Anton's well fall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,  
 And fhake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

20

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;  
 Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,  
 But my loves heart grown cauld to me.  
 Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,  
 We were a comely fight to see,  
 My love was cled i' th' b'ack velvet,  
 And I my fell in cramasie.

25

30

But



But had I wiſt, before I kiſt,  
 That love had been ſae ill to win,  
 I had lockt my heart in a caſe of gowd, 35  
 And pinnd it with a filler pin.  
 Oh oh! if my young babe were born,  
 And ſet upon the nurſes knee,  
 And I my ſell were dead and gane!  
 For a maid again Iſe never be. 40

XII.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

*From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection. Mr. Addiſon has pronounced this an excellent ballad: See the Spectator, No. 248.*

**I**N Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,  
 As Chaucer he doth write;  
 Who did in pleaſure ſpend her dayes,  
 And many a fond delight.

Upon a time ſore ſicke ſhe was 5  
 And at the length did dye;  
 And then her ſoul at heaven gate,  
 Did knocke moſt nightilye.

Fiſt Adam came unto the gate:  
 Who knocketh there? quoth hee. 10  
 I am the wife of Bath, ſhe ſayd,  
 And faine would come to thee.

Thou art a ſinner, Adam ſayd,  
 And here no place ſhalt have.

And

# 128      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And so art thou, I trowe, quoth fhee,      15  
 'And eke a' doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,  
 Of all such churles as thee;  
 Thou wert the causer of our woe,  
 Our paine and misery;      20

And first broke Gods commandiments,  
 In pleasure of thy wife.  
 When Adam heard her tell this tale,  
 He ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate,      25  
 And bids her packe to hell,  
 Thou false deceiving knave, quoth she,  
 Thou mayst be there as well.

For thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,  
 And thine own brother too.      30  
 Away 'flunk' Jacob presently,  
 And made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,  
 And Lot he chides her straite.  
 How now, quoth she, thou drunken afs,      35  
 Who bade thee here to prate?

With thy two daughters thou didst lye,  
 On them two bastardes got.  
 And thus most tauntingly she chaft  
 Against poor filly Lot.      40

Who

---

Ver. 16. Now gip you. P.

Who calleth there , quoth Judith then,  
 With such shrill founding notes?  
 This fine minckes surely came not here,  
 Quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame, 45  
 When she heard her say foe!  
 King David hearing of the same,  
 He to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,  
 And maketh all this strife? 50  
 You were more kinde, good Sir, she sayd,  
 Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause  
 In battle to be flaine ;  
 Thou causedst far more strife than I, 55  
 Who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon ,  
 That thus doth taunt a king.  
 Not half so mad as you, she sayd,  
 I trowe , in manye a thing. 60

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,  
 For whom thou didst provide ;  
 And yet, god wot, three hundred whores  
 Thou must maintaine beside:

And they made thee forsake thy God, 65  
 And worship stockes and stones ;  
 Besides the charge they put thee to  
 In breeding of young bones.

Hadst

Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,  
 Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;      70  
 And therefore I do marvel much,  
 How thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas then,  
 So vile a scold as this.  
 'Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she,      75  
 Thou diddest more amifs.

'They say', quoth Thomas, womens tongues  
 Of aspen-leaves are made.  
 Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,  
 All is not true that's sayd.      80

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,  
 She came unto the gate.  
 Quoth she, good woman, you must think  
 Upon your former state.

No finner enters in this place      85  
 Quoth Mary Magdalene. Then  
 'Twere ill for you, fair mistrefs mine,  
 She answered her agen:

You for your honestye, quoth she,  
 Had once been ston'd to death;      90  
 Had not our Saviour Christ come by,  
 And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation,  
 You are become divine:  
 I hope my soul in Christ his passion,      95  
 Shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose

---

Ver. 77. I think. P.

# A N D, B A L L A D S.

131

Uprose the good apostle Paul,  
And to this wife he cryed,  
Except thou shake thy sins away,  
Thou here shalt be denyed.

100

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,  
All through a lewd desire:  
How thou didst persecute God's church,  
With wrath as hot as fire.

105

Then up starts Peter at the last,  
And to the gate he hies:  
Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,  
Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,  
For mercye may be won,  
I never did deny my Christ,  
As thou thyselfe hast done.

110

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,  
With heavenly angels bright,  
He comes unto this sinful soul,  
Who trembled at his fight.

115

Of him for mercye she did crave.  
Quoth he, thou hast refus'd  
My profferd grace, and mercy both,  
And much my name abus'd.

120

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,  
And spent my time in vaine,  
But bring me like a wandring sheepe  
Into thy flocke againe.

125

O

## 132 ANCIENT SONGS

O Lord my God, I will amend  
My former wicked vice:  
The thief for one poor filly word,  
Past into paradise.

My lawes and my commandiments, 130  
Saith Christ, were knowne to thee;  
But of the same in any wise,  
Nor yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she;  
Most lewdly did I live: 135  
But yet the loving father did  
His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy foul, he sayd,  
Through thy repenting crye;  
Come enter then into my joy, 140  
I will not thee denye.

### XIII.

#### THE AULD GOOD - MAN.

##### A SCOTTISH SONG.

*We have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table miscellany, &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.*

LATE in an evening forth I went  
A little before the sun gade down,  
And there I chanc't, by accident,  
To light on a battle new begun:

A

A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife, 5  
 I canna weel tell ye haw it began;  
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,  
 And cryed evir, alake, mine auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,  
 The country kens where he was born, 10  
 Was but a filly poor vagabond,  
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:  
 For he did spend and make an end  
 Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan,  
 He gart the poor stand frae the door; 15  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,  
 Whan I think on my winsome John,  
 His blinkan ee, and gait fae free,  
 Was naighting like thee, thou dosend drone; 20  
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,  
 And a skin as white as ony swan,  
 He was large and tall, and comely withall,  
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein, 25  
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;  
 But thy wild bees I canna please,  
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant.  
 Of household stuff, thou hast enough,  
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan; 30  
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare,  
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,  
 To think on those blyth days I had,  
 Whan I and he, together ley 35  
 In armes into a well-made bed:  
 But now I figh and may be fad,  
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,  
 Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep:  
 Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman. 40

Then coming was the night fae dark,  
 And gane was a' the light of day?  
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,  
 And therefore wad nae longer stay:  
 Then up he gat, and ran his way, 45  
 I trowe, the wife the day she wan,  
 And aye the owreword of the fray  
 Was evir, alake! mine auld goodman.

## XIV.

## THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

*This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepy's collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or The Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble duke, &c. — To the tune of the Lady's Fall."*

THERE



**T**HERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble traine  
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chafe remaine,  
To see both sport and playe;  
His ladye went, as she did feigne,  
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter faire,  
Whose beauty shone so bright,  
She was belov'd, both far and neare,  
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature faire was shee;  
She was her fathers only joye;  
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envye her so much;  
That daye by daye she fought her life,  
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,  
To take her life awaye:  
And taking of her daughters book,  
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,  
Go hasten presentlie;  
And tell unto the master-cook,  
These wordes that I tell thee.

I a

And

# 136 A N C I E N T S O N G S

And bid him dresse to dinner freight,  
That faire and milk-white doe;  
That in the parke doth shine so bright,  
There's none so faire to shewe.

30

This ladye fearing of no harme,  
Obey'd her mothers will;  
And presentlye she hasted home,  
Her pleasure to fulfill.

35

She freight into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell.

40

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,  
Do that which I thee tell:  
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,  
Which you do knowe full well.

Then freight his cruell bloodye hands,  
He on the ladye layd;  
Who quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he sayd:

45

Thou art the doe, that I must dresse;  
See here, behold my knife;  
For it is pointed presentlye,  
To ridd thee of thy life.

50

O then, cried our the scullion-boye,  
As loud as loud might bee:  
O save her life, good master-cook,  
And make your pyes of mee!

55

116

For

For pityes sake do not destroye  
 My ladye with your knife;  
 You know shee is her father's joye,  
 For Christes sake save her life. 60

I will not save her life, he sayd,  
 Nor make my pyes of thee;  
 Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,  
 Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home 65  
 For to sit downe and eat;  
 He called for his daughter deare,  
 To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,  
 O sit you downe to meat: 70  
 Into some nunnery she is gone;  
 Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnye he made a vowe,  
 Before the companie:  
 That he would neither eat nor drinke, 75  
 Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,  
 With a loud voice so hye:  
 If now you will your daughter see,  
 My lord, cut up that pye; 80

Wherein her fleshe is minced small;  
 And parched with the fire;  
 All caused by her step-mother,  
 Who did her death desire.

And curfed bee the mafter-cook,

O curfed may he bee!

**I proffered him my own hearts blood:**

**From death to fet her free.**

**Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;**

And for his daughters sake,

**He judged her cruell step.-mothèr**

**To be burnt at a stake.**

**Likewise he judg'd the master - cook**

In boiling lead to stand ;

And made the simple scullion - boye

**The heire of all his land.**

XV.

## A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

From Ben Jonson's *Masque at the marriage of lord vi-  
scount Hadlington*, on Shrove- Tuesday 1608. One stanza  
full of dry mythology we have omitted, as we found it dropt  
in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "*Le  
Prince d'amour*. Lond. 1660.," 8vo.

**B**EAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,

Called Love, a little boy,

Almost naked, wanton, blinde;

**Cruel now ; and then as kinde ?**

If he be amongst yee , fay ;

**He is Venus' run-away.**

**Shce ,**

Shee, that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kisse,  
How and where herselfe would wifh:  
But, who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kisse, and another.

10

Markes he hath about him plentie:  
You may know him, among twentie.  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire:  
Which being fhot, like lightning, in  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

15

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,  
He will leape from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lights, and heart,  
Yet not stay in any part.  
And, if chaoe his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

20

He doth beare a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of arrowes, which outbrave  
Dian's shafts: where, if he have  
Any head more sharpe than other,  
With that first he strikes his mother.

25

30

Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell,  
Lovers hearts are all his food,  
And his bathes their warmest bloud:  
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,  
And he hates none like to Reason.

35

Trust him not : his words , though sweet,  
 Seldome with his heart doe meet ,  
 All his practice is deceit ;  
 Everie gift is but a bait. 40  
 Not a kisse , but poyson beares :  
 And most treason in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne ;  
 Then the straggler makes his gaine ,  
 By presenting maids with toyes 45  
 And would have yee thinke hem joyes :  
 'Tis the ambition of the elfe ,  
 To have all childifh , as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him ,  
 Beauties , be not nice , but shew him. 50  
 Though yee had a will to hide him ,  
 Now , we hope , yee'le not abide him ,  
 Since yee heare this falser's play ,  
 And that he is Venus' run - away.

## XVI.

## THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

*From the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intituled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet."*

*Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme ; we have attempted to repair them.*

IN

**I**N the dayes of old,  
 When faire France did flourish,  
 Storyes plaine have told,  
 Lovers felt annoye.

The queene a daughter bare,  
 Whom beautyes queene did nourish:

She was lovelye faire,  
 She was her fathers joye.

A prince of England came,  
 Whose deeds did merit fame,

But he was exil'd, and outcast:  
 Love his foul did fire,  
 Shee granted his desire,  
 Their hearts in one were linked fast.

Which when her father proved,  
 Sorelye he was moved,

And tormented in his minde.  
 He fought for to prevent them;  
 And to discontent them

Fortune crossed 'these' lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine,  
 Weré thus barr'd of pleasure,  
 Through the kinges disdaine,  
 Which their joyes withstoode:

The lady soone prepar'd  
 Her jewells and her treasure;

Having no regard  
 For state and royall bloode;

In homelye'poore array,  
 She went from court away,

To meet her joye and hearts delight;

I s

Who





Many a grievous grone  
 Sounded in her eares:  
 She heard one complayne  
 And lament the forest, 65  
 Seeming all in payne,  
 Shedding deadly teares.  
 Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,  
 Whom I must never see, 70  
 For why my life is att an end,  
 Through villaines crueltye:  
 For thy sweet fake I dye,  
 To show I am a faithfull friend.  
 Here I lye a bleeding, 75  
 While my thoughts are feeding  
 On the rarest beautye found.  
 O hard happ, that may be!  
 Little knowes my ladye  
 My heartes blood lyes on the ground. 80

With that a grone he sends  
 Which did burst in funder  
 All the tender 'bands'  
 Of his gentle heart.  
 She, who knewe his voice, 85  
 At his wordes did wonder;  
 All her former joyes  
 Did to grieve convert.  
 Strait she ran to see,  
 Who this man should bee, 90  
 That foe like her love did seeme:  
 Her lovely lord she found

Lye

---

*Ver. 83. Strings, MS. and P.*

Lye flaine upon the ground,  
     Smear'd with gore a ghaftlye streame.  
 Which his lady spying, 95  
 Striking, fainting, crying,  
     Her sorrows cold not uttered bee:  
 Fate, she cryed, too cruell!  
 For thee — my dearest jewell,  
     Would God! that I had dyed for thee. 100

His pale lippes, alas!  
     Twentye times she kissed,  
 And his face did wash,  
     With her trickling teares:  
 Every gaping wound 105  
     Tenderlye she pressed,  
 And did wipe it round  
     With her golden haire.  
 Speake, faire love, quoth shee,  
 Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110  
     One sweete word of comfort give.  
 Lift up thy deare eyes,  
 Listen to my cryes,  
     Thinke in what sad griefe I live.  
 All in vaine she sued, 115  
 All in vaine she wooed,  
     The princes life was fled and gone.  
 There stood she still mourning,  
 Till the suns retourning,  
     And bright day was coming on. 120

In this great distresse  
 Weeping, wayling ever,  
Of

Oft fhee cryed, alas!

What will become of mee?

To my fathers court

125

I returne will never:

But in lowlye fort

Will a fervant bee.

While thus fhe made her mone,

Weeping all alone,

130

In this deepe and deadlye feare:

A for'ter all in greene,

Most comelye to be feene,

Ranging the woods did find her there.

Moved with her sorrowe,

135

Maid, quoth he, good morrowe,

What hard happ has brought thee here?

Harder happ did never

Two kinde hearts diffever:

Here lyes flaine my brother deare.

140

Where might I remaine,

Gentle for'ter, fhew me,

Till I could obtaine

A service in my neede?

Paines I will not spare.

145

This kinde favour doe me,

It will ease my care;

Heaven fhall be thy meede.

The for'ter all amazed,

On her beautye gazed,

150

Till his heart was fet on fire.

If, faire maid, quoth hee,

You will goe with mee,

You fhall have your hearts defire.

He

# 146 A N C I E N T S O N G S

He brought her to his mother,  
And above all other 155

He fett forth this maidens praise.  
Long was his heart inflamed,  
At length her love he gained,  
And fortune crown'd his future dayes. 160

Thus unknowne he wedde  
With a kings faire daughter;  
Children seven they had,  
Ere she told her birth.  
Which when once he knew, 165  
Humblye he besought her  
He to the world might shew,  
Her rank and princely worth.  
He cloath'd his children then,  
(Not like other men) 170

In partye-colours strange to see;  
The right side cloth of gold,  
The left side to behold,  
Of woollen cloth still framed hee.  
Men thereatt did wonder; 175  
Golden fame did thunder

This strange deede in every place:  
The king of France came thither,  
Being pleasant weather,  
In these woods the hart to chafe. 180

The children then they bring,  
So their mother will'd it,  
Where the royall king,  
Must of force come bye:

Their

Their mothers riche array, 185

Was of crimson velvet:

Their fathers all of gray,

Seemelye to the eye.

Then this famous king,

Noting every thing, 190

Afkt how he durst be so bold

To let his wife foe weare,

And decke his children there,

In costly robes of pearl and gold.

The forrester replying, 195

And the cause descrying \*,

To the king these words did say,

Well may they, by their mother,

Weare rich clothes with other,

Being by birth a princefse gay. 200

The king aroufed thus,

More heedfullye beheld them,

Till a crimson blufh

His remembrance croft.

The more I fix my mind 205

On thy wife and children,

The more methinks I find

The daughter which I loft.

I am that child, quoth fhee,

Falling on her knee, 210

Pardon mee, my foveraine liege.

The king perceiving this,

His daughter deare did kifs,

While joyfull teares did ftopp his fpeechc,

With

---

\* i. e. describing. See Gloß.

With his traine he tourned , 215  
 And with them fojourned.  
 Strait he dubb'd her husband knight,  
 Then made him erle of Flanders ,  
 And chiefe of his commanders,  
 Thus were their forrowes put to flight. 220

\* \* \*

## XVII.

## THE SWEET NEGLECT.

*From Ben Johnson's Silent Woman, Act. I. Sc. I. First  
 acted in 1609.*

**S**TILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast;  
 Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:  
 Lady, it is to be perfum'd,  
 Though arts hid causes are not found, 5  
 All is not sweet, all is not found.  
 Give me a looke, give me a face;  
 That makes simplicitie a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10  
 Than all th'adulteries of art,  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

*The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, "Two lamentable Tragedies, The one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his uncle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601. 4to."* Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending to school: their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffin: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion, but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living but just long enough to impeach the uncle: who in consequence of this impeachment is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs thro' the whole performance, that had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

*Printed from two ancient copies one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection. It's title at large is, "The*

# 150 ANCIENT SONGS

» *Children in the Wood : or , The Norfolk Gentleman's Last*  
» *Will and Testament : To the tune of Rogero, &c. »*

**N**OW ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes , which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light:  
A gentleman of good account,  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far furmout  
Most men of his estate.

5

Sore sicke he was , and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save;  
His wife by him as sicke did lye;  
And both posselt one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde,  
In love they liv'd , in love they dyed ,  
And left two babes behinde:

10

15

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde ;  
The other a girl more young than he ,  
And fram'd in beautyes molde:  
The father left his little son ,  
As plainly doth appeare ,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

20

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred poundes in gold,  
To be paid downe on marriage-day ,  
Which might not be controll'd;

25

But



But if the children chance to dye,  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth  
 For so the wille did run. 30

Now, brother, said the dying man,  
 Look to my children deare,  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friendes else have they here; 35  
 To God and you I recommend  
 My children deare this daye,  
 But little while be sure we have  
 Within this world to staye. 40

You must be father and mother both,  
 And uncle all in one;  
 God knowes what will become of them,  
 When I am dead and gone.  
 With that bespake their mother deare, 45  
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,  
 You are the man must bring our babes  
 To wealth or miserie.

And if you keep them carefully,  
 Then God will you reward; 50  
 But if you otherwise should deal,  
 God will your deedes regard.  
 With lippes as cold as any stone,  
 They kist their children small:  
 God blefs you both, my children deare; 55  
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake,  
 To this sicke couple there,

K 2

The

## 152    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

The keeping of your children small,  
 Sweet sifter, do not feare;  
 God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children deare,  
 When you are layd in grave. 60

The parents being dead and gone;  
 The children home he takes,  
 And bringes them straite unto his house,  
 Where much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a daye,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise 70  
 To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take these children young, 75  
 And slaye them in a wood:  
 And told his wife and all he had,  
 He did the children fend  
 To be brought up in faire London,  
 With one that was his friend. 80

Away then went these pretty babes,  
 Rejoycing at that tide,  
 Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
 They should on cock-horse ride.  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85  
 As they rode on the waye,  
 To those that should their butchers be,  
 And work their lives decaye.

80

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
 Made murthers heart relent, 90  
 And they that undertooke the deed,  
 Full fore did now repent.  
 Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
 Did vowe to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch, that hired him, 95  
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,  
 So here they fell to strife,  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the childrens life: 100  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slaye the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood,  
 While babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand, 105  
 Teares standing in their eye,  
 And bad them straitway follow him,  
 And look they did not crye:  
 And two long miles he ledd them on,  
 While they for bread complaine; 110  
 Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you some,  
 When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and downe;  
 But never more could see the man 115  
 Approaching from the town;  
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,  
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,

# 154    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And when they fawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these two little babes,  
Till deathe did end their grief,  
In one anothers armes thy dyed,  
As babes wanting relief:  
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair' 125  
O any man receives,  
Till Robin-red-breast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God  
Upon their uncle fell; 130  
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house:  
His conscience felt an hell:  
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,  
His landes were barren made,  
His cattle dyed within the field, 135  
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal,  
Two of his sonnes did dye;  
And to conclude, himselfe was brought  
To want and miserye: 140  
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land  
Ere seven yeares came about.  
And now at length this wicked act  
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand 145  
These children for to kill,  
Was

---

Met. 125. these. . babes. P. P.

Was for a robbery judged to dye,  
 Such was Gods blessed will;  
 Who did confesse the very truth,  
 As here hath been display'd: 150  
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,  
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,  
 And overseers eke  
 Of children that be fatherles,  
 155  
 And infants mild and meek;  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Left God with such like miserye  
 Your wicked minds requite. 160

XIX.

A LOVER OF LATE.

*From the Editor's folio Manuscript.*

**A** Lover of late was I,  
 For Cupid would have it foe,  
 The boye that hath never an eye,  
 As everye man doth knowe:  
 I fighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!  
 For her that laught, and call'd me afs.

Then knew not I what to doe,  
 When I saw it was all in vaine  
 A ladye so coy to woe,  
 Who gave me the asse so plaine: 16

K 4

Yet

Yet would I her affe freeleye bee,  
Soe fhee would helpe and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as fhee,  
Or fhee were as fond as I,  
What paire cold have made, as wee,  
So prettye a fympathye:  
I was as fond as fhee was was faire,  
But for all this we could not paire.

15

Paire with her that will for mee,  
With her I will never paire;  
That cunningly can be coy,  
For being a little faire.  
The affe I'll leave to her difdaine;  
And now I am myfelfe againe.

20

## XX.

## THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

*It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller; we have K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c. — A few of the best of these we have admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intitled JOHN THE REEVE, which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened*

pened between K. Edward Longshanks, and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this work, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the editor chuses to defer its publication in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, intitled "A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c."

PART THE FIRST.

**H**ENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;  
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:  
 To merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:  
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd  
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day, rode the king pleasantlie,  
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;  
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlie,  
 Till the dark evening enforc'd hem turne home. 10  
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite,  
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

K 5

Wande-

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,  
 With a rude miller he mett at the last :  
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;      15  
 Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,  
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
 You doe not lightlye goe out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me quoth, our king merrily,  
 Passing thy judgment upon me so brieft?      20  
 Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;  
 I guesse thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe:  
 Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,  
 Left that I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;  
 I am a gentleman; lodging doe lacke.      26  
 Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;  
 All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.  
 I have gold to discharge all that I call;  
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.      30

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,  
 I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.  
 Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.  
 Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayst be a sprite.  
 Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;      35  
 With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house;  
 Where they were feething of puddings and soufe:  
 The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;  
 Never came hee in foe smoakye a house.      40  
 Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are?  
 Quoth our king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.



I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth, 45

Yet is best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou noe run-away, prythee, youth, tell?

Shew me thy passport, and all shalt be well.

Then our king presently, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say; 50

I have noe passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtier, rode out of my way:

And for your kindness here offered to mee,

I will requite you in everye degree:

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye, 55

Saying, it seemeth, this youth's of good kin,

Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;

To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.

Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,

When he doth speake to his betters in place. 60

Well, quoth the millers wife, young man, y'ere welcome here;

And, though I say it, well lodged shalt bee:

Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,

Good brown sheetes hempen likewise, quoth shee.

Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done, 65

Thou shalt lye with no worse, than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true?

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?

Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?

I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those? 70

Art thou not lowfy, nor scabby, quoth hee?

If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This

## 160 A N C I E N T S O N G S

This caus'd the king, suddentlye, to laugh most heartilye,  
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.

Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75

With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I'll drinke to thee,  
And to all 'cuckolds, wherever they bee. 80

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye,

For my good welcome in everye degree.

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne:

Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote, 85

That we of his sweetnesse a little may taste;

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye;

Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.

Here's dainty lightfoote, in faith, sayd the king,

I never before eate so daintye a thing. 90

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,

For we doe eate of it everye day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here; 95

Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat: 100

But,

---

*Ver. 80. courtballs, that courteous be. MS. and P.*

But, prythee, say nothing where ever thou goe:  
We wold not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promise secrefye;  
The king shall never know more on't for mee.  
A cupp of lambs wool they dranke unto him then, 105  
And to their bedds they past presentlie.  
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott', soone they espy'd him out,  
As he was mounting upon his faire steede; 110  
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;  
Which made the millers heart woefully bleede:  
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, 115  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he fed:  
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,  
Doubting the king would have cut off his head:  
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight. 120

PART THE SECOND.

W Hen as our royall king came home from Nottingham,  
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,  
In this late progress along on the way;  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,  
The miller of Mansfield liked him best, 5

And

## 162      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determin'd  
 Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,  
 That this old miller, our new confirmed knight,  
 With his son Richard, shal here be my guest:  
 For in this merriment, 'tis my desire  
 To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,  
 They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts;  
 A purfuivant there was sent straight on the busines,      15  
 The which had often-times been in those parts.  
 When he came to the place, where they did dwell,  
 His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worfhippe, then said the messenger,  
 And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;      20  
 And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happines;  
 That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.  
 Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,  
 You must come to the court on St. Georges day:

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.      25  
 I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:  
 What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.  
 I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.  
 Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;  
 Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.      30

Then sayd the miller, by my troth, messenger,  
 Thou hast contented my worfhippe full well.  
 Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,  
 For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.  
 Lett me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,      35  
 We'll wayt on his masterhipp in everye thing.

The

The purfuivant fmiled at their fimplicitye ,  
 And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;  
 And taking then his leave with great humilitleye.  
 To the kings court againe he repair'd;      40  
 Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,  
 The knightes moft liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller fay,  
 Here come expences and charges indeed;  
 Now muft we needs be brave, tho' we fpend all we have;  
 For of new garments we have great need:      46  
 Of horfes and ferving-men we muft have ftore,  
 With bridles and faddles, and twentye things more.

Tuf he, fir John, quoth his wife, never here frett nor frowne;  
 You fhall n'er be att no charges for mee,      50  
 For I will turne and trim up my old ruffet gowne,  
 With everye thing elfe as fine as may bee;  
 And on our mill-horfes fwift we will ride,  
 With pillowes and pannells as we fhall provide.

In this moft ftatelye fort, rode they unto the court,      55  
 Their jolly fonne Richard rode foremofte of all;  
 Who fet up by good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,  
 And fo they jetted downe to the kings hall;  
 The merry old miller with hands on his fide;  
 His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.      60

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,  
 Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;  
 Welcome, fir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:  
 Good fir John Cockle, once welcome againe:  
 And fo is the fquire of courage foe free.      65  
 Quoth Dicke, abots on you; doe you know mee?

Quoth

## 164    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

Quoth our king gentlye, how shoud I forget thee?

That wast my owne bed-fellow, well it I wot.

Yea, fir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,

Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot. 70

Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,

Speake cleanly to our king, or else go fhte.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,

While the king taketh them both by the hand;

With ladyes and their maids, like to the queen ofspades,

The millers wife did foe orderly stand, 76

A milk-maids courtesye at every word;

And downe the folkes were set to the board:

Where the king royally, in princelye majesty,

Sate at his dinner with joy and delight: 80

When they had eaten well, then hee to jesting fell,

Taking a bowle of wine, dranke to the knight:

Heres to you both, in wine, ale and beer;

Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth fir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle, 85

Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:

But then said our king, now I think of a thing;

Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.

Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,

'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it. 90

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;

In faith, I take it very unkind:

I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.

Quoth Dicke, you are like to stay till I have din'd:

You feed us with twatling dishes foe small; 95

Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye,

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a dainty thing,  
 Could a man get but one here for to eate.  
 With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one forth his hofe,  
 Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate. 100  
 The king made a proffer to snatch it away: —  
 'Tis meat for your master: good fir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment, was the time wholly spent;  
 And then the ladyes prepared to dance:  
 Old fir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105  
 Unto their paces the king did advance:  
 Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,  
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,  
 Asking young Richard, if he would wed 110  
 Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?  
 Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, with the red head:  
 She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;  
 She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then fir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115  
 And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;  
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;  
 Now take heede you steale no more of my deer:  
 And once a quarter let's here have your view;  
 And now, fir John Cockle, I bid you adieu. 120

**XXI.**

D U L C I N A.

*Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys collection; the other in the editor's folio MS. The fourth stanza is not found in MS, and seems redundant.*

**A**S at noone Dulcina rested  
In her sweete and shady bower,  
Came a shepherd, and requested  
In her lappe to sleep an hour :  
But from her looke a wounde he tooke  
So deepe , that for a further boone  
The nymphe he prayes : whereto she sayes ,  
Foregoe me now , come to me soone.

But in vayne fhee did conjure him  
To departe her prefence foe, 10  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
And but one to bid him goe:  
Where lippes invite, and eyes delight,  
And cheekes, as frefh as rofe in june,  
Perfuade delay, what boots to fay, 15  
Foregoe me now, come to me foone.

He demands, what time for pleasure  
 Can there be more fit than now?  
 She fayer, night gives love that leifure,  
 Which the day doth not allow.

He fayer, the fight 'improves delight:  
 ' Which fhee denies; nights mirkie noone  
 In Venus' playes makes bold, fhe fayer;  
 Foregoe me now, come to mee foone.

**But**



But what promise or profession 25

From his hands could purchase scope ?

Who would sell the sweet possession

Of such beauty for a hope ?

Or for the sight of lingering night

Foregoe the present joys of noone ? 30

Thou'g ne'er foe faire her speeches were,

Foregoe me now, come to me soone.

How, at last, agreed these lovers ?

Shee was fayre and he was young :

The tongue may tell what th'eye discovers ; 35

Joyes unseene are never fung.

Did shee consent, or he relent ;

Accepts hee night, or grants shee noone ;

Left he her mayd, or not ; she sayd

Foregoe me now, come to me soone. 40

## XXII.

### THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

*This excellent old ballad, which perhaps ought to have been placed earlier in the volume, is given from the editor's folio MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter in the Pepys collection.*

*The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.*

L a

WHEN

# 168 A N C I E N T S O N G S

**W**HEN Troy towne had, for ten yeares 'past,'  
 Withstood the Greeks in manful wife,  
 Then did their foes increafe so fast,  
 That to resist nought could suffice:  
 Wast lye those walls, that were soe good, 5  
 And corn now grows where Troye towne stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,  
 When he for land long time had fought,  
 At length arriving with great joy,  
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought; 10  
 Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,  
 Did entertaine this wandering guest.

And as in hall at meate they fate,  
 The queen desirous newes to hear,  
 'Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate' 15  
 Declare to me thou Trojan dear:  
 The heavy hap and chance so bad,  
 Which thou poore wandering prince hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,  
 With words demure, as he could well, 20  
 Of their unhappy ten yeares 'fight',  
 So true a tale began to tell,  
 With words so sweet, and sighs so deepe,  
 That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25  
 And everye sigh brought teares amaine,  
 That where he fate the place was wet,  
 As though he had seene those warrs againe;

Soe

---

*Ver. 1, 21. war. MS. and PP.*

Soe that the queene, with ruth therefore,  
Sayd, worthy prince, enough, no more. 50

And now the darksome night drew on,  
And twinkling starres the skye bespred,  
When he his dolefull tale had done,  
And everye one was laid in bed:  
Where they full sweetlye took their rest,  
Save only Dido's boyling breast. 35

This feely woman never slept,  
But in her chamber all alone,  
As one unhappy, alwaies wept,  
And to the walls fhee made her mone;  
That fhee should so desire in vaine  
The thing, that fhee could ne'er obtaine. 40

And thus in grieve fhee spent the night,  
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,  
And Phœbus with his glistering light,  
Through misty cloudes appeared red;  
Then tidings came to her anon,  
How that the Trojan shippes were gone. 45

And then the queene against her life  
Did arme her heart as hard as stone,  
Yet, ere she bared the bloody knife,  
In woefull wife fhee made her mone,  
And rolling on her carefull bed,  
With sighes and sobs, these words fhee sed: 50

O wretched Dido queene! quoth fhee,  
I see thy end approacheth neare;  
For he is fled away from thee,  
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare. 55

# 170 A N C I E N T S O N G S

What is he gone, and passed bye?

O heart, prepare thyself to dye.

60

In vaine thou pleadst I should forbear,

And stay my hand from bloody stroke;

Thee, treacherous heart, I must not spare,

Which fettered me in Cupids yoke.

Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart:

And with those words she pierc'd her heart.

65

When death had pierc'd the tender heart

Of Dido Carthaginian queene;

Whose bloody knife did end the smart,

Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene;

Æneas being shipt and gone,

Whose flattery caused all her mone;

70

Her funerall most costly made,

And all things finish't mournfullye;

Her bodye fine in mold was laid,

Where itt consumed speedilye:

Her sisters teares her tombe bestrew'd;

Her subjects grieve their kindnesse shew'd.

75

Then was Æneas in an ile

In grecia, where he stay'd long space,

Whereatt her sister in short while,

Writt to him to his vile disgrace;

In speeches bitter to his minde,

Shee told him plaine, hee was unkinde.

80

False-hearted wretch, quoth shee, thou art,

And traiterously thou hast betrayd

Unto thy lure a gentle heart,

Which unto thee much welcome made;

85

My

My sister deare, and Carthage joy,  
Whose folly bred her dere annoy. 90

Yet on her death-bed when shee laye,  
Shee prayed for thy prosperitye,  
Beseeching god that every day  
Might breed thee great felicitye:  
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend; 95  
Heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
Perused had, and weighed them right,  
His lofty courage 'gan to fall;  
And straight appeared in his sight 100  
Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;  
Which made this valliant fouldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,  
My whole delight while I did live,  
Thee of all men I loved most; 105  
To thee my fancye I did give;  
And for the welcome I thee gave,  
Unthank fully thou did me grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soule  
To wander with me in the ayre; 110  
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,  
Because of me thou tookst no care:  
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,  
Thy date is past, thy death is come.

O stay a while, thou lovelye spright, 115  
Be not so hasty to convey  
My soule into eternal night,  
Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.

## 172 A N C I E N T S O N G S

O doe not frown , thy angry looke  
Hath all my soule with horror shooke.

120

But, woe is me ! all is in vaine,  
And bootlesse is my dismall crye;  
Time will not be recall'd againe,  
Nor thou surcease before I dye.  
O let me live, and make amends  
To some of thy most dearest friends.

125

But seeing thou obdurate art,  
And wilt no pitye on me showe,  
Because from thee I did depart,  
And left unpaid what I did owe:  
I must content myself, to take  
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

130

And thus, as one being in a trance,  
A multitude of uglye fiends  
About this woefull prince did dance;  
He had no helpe of any friends:  
His body then they tooke away,  
And no man knew his dying day.

135

### XXIII.

#### THE WITCHES' SONG

— From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at  
Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old  
pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hob-  
goblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their  
appea-

appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

*It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Johnson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.*

*By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.*

## 1 WITCH.

**I** Have beene all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter;  
And soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

## 2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves-haires,  
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;  
The spurning of a deadmans eyes:  
And all since the evening starre did rise.

## 3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;

L 5

And

And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

#### 4 WITCH.

And, I ha' beene chusing out this scull,  
From charnell houses that were full ;  
From private grots, and publike pits :  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

15

§ WITCH.

Under a cradle I did creepe.  
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe,  
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose, '  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

20

## 6 WITCH.

**I had a dagger: what did I with that?  
Killed an infant to have his fat.  
A piper it got, at a church-ale,  
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.**

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,  
The funne and the wind had shrunke his veines.  
I bit off a finew; I clipp'd his haire;  
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i'the ayre.

25

8 WITCH.

The ferich-owles eggs, and the feathers blacke,  
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe, 30  
I have been getting; and made of his skin  
A purfet, to keepe fir Cranion in.

30

**9 WITCH.**



9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,  
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane; 35  
And twife by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'e the ditch:  
Yet went I back to the house againe,  
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine. 40

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breeds under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before,  
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45  
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,  
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,  
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,  
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:  
And, now, our orgies let's begin. 50

XXIV.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

— *alias* PUCKE, *alias* HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and atchievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those

## 176 ANCIENT SONGS

those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it;

" Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweet  
 " To earn his cream-bowle duly set;  
 " When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,  
 " His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
 " That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 " Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 " And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,  
 " Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 " And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 " Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales, assures the editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song (which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

FROM

**F**ROM Oberon, in fairye land,  
 The king of ghosts and shadowes there,  
 Mad Robin I, at his command,  
 Am sent to viewe the night - sports here.  
 What revell rout  
 Is kept about,  
 In every corner where I go,  
 I will o'ersee,  
 And merry bee,  
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho! 10

More swift than lightening can I flye  
 About this aery welkin soone,  
 And, in a minutes space, descrye  
 Each thing that's done belowe the moone.  
 There's not a hag  
 Or ghost shall wag, 15  
 Cry, ware Goblins! where I go;  
 But Robin I  
 Their feates will spy,  
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho! 20

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,  
 As from their night - sports they trudge home;  
 With counterfeiting voice I greeke  
 And call them on, with me to roame  
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes, 25  
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;  
 Or else, unseene, with them I go,  
 All in the nicke,  
 To play some tricke,  
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho! 30

Some-

# 178    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

Sometimes I meete them like a man;  
 Sometimes an ox; sometimes a hound;  
 And to a horse I turn me can;  
 To trip and trot about them round.  
     But if, to ride, 35  
     My backe they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go,  
     Ore hedge and lands,  
     Thro' pools and ponds,  
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 40

When lads and lasses merry be,  
 With possetts and with juncates fine;  
 Unseene of all the company,  
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine;  
     And, to make sport, 45  
     I fart and snort;  
 And out the candles I do blow.  
     The maids I kifs;  
     They fhrieke — Who's this?  
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wooll;  
 And while they sleepe, and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
     I grind at mill 55  
     Their malt up still;  
 I drefs their hemp, I spin their tow.  
     If any 'wake,  
     And would me take,  
 I weend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 60

When

When house or harth doth fluttish lye,  
 I pinch the maidens blacke and blue;  
 The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,  
 And lay them naked all to view.

'Twixt sleepe and wake, 65  
 I do them take,  
 And on the key-cold floor them throw.

If out they cry,  
 Then forth I fly,  
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho! 70

When any need to borrowe ought,  
 We lend them what they do require;  
 And for the use demand we nought;  
 Our owne is all we do desire.

If to repay, 75  
 They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,  
 And night by night,  
 I them affright

With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho! 80

When lazie queans have nought to do,  
 But study how to cog and lye;  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 'Twixt one another secretlye:

I marke their gloze, 85  
 And it disclose,

To them whom they have wronged so;

When I have done,  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho! 90

When

# 180    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

When men do traps and engins fet  
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,  
 Who from their foldes and houses, get  
 Their duckes and geefe, and lambes asleep:  
     I spy the gin, 95  
     And enter in,  
 And seeme a vermine taken so.  
     But when they there  
     Approach me neare,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho! 100

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,  
 We nightly dance our hey-day guife;  
 And to our fairye king, and queene,  
 We chant our moon-light harmonies.  
     When larks 'gin sing, 105  
     Away we fling;  
 And babes new-borne steal as we go,  
 An elfe in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho! 110

From hag-bred Merlins time have I  
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.  
     Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115  
     Who haunt the nightes,  
 The hags and goblins do me know;  
 And beldames old  
 My feates have told,  
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho! 120

## XXV.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

*We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning FAIRIES. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or mittle species between men and spirits, whom they called DUERGAR or DWARFS, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaf Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. &c.*

**C**OME, follow, follow mee,  
 Ye, fairye elves that bee;  
 Come follow Mab your queene,  
 And trip it o'er the greene:  
 Hand in hand, we'll dance around,  
 Because this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest;  
 Unheard, and un-esp'y'd,  
 Through key-holes we do glide;  
 Over tables, stooles, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairye elves.

# 182    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And, if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish or bowl,  
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the fluts asleep,  
 Then we pinch their armes and thighes;  
 None us heares, nor none us spies.

15

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And duely she is paid:  
 Every night before we goe,  
 We drop a tester in her shoe.

20

Then o'er a mushroomes head  
 Our table-cloth we spread;  
 A grain of rye, or wheat,  
 The diet that we eat;  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink  
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

25

30

The braines of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snails,  
 Between two cockles stew'd,  
 Is meat that's easily chew'd;  
 Braines of wormes, and marrow of mice  
 Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

35

The grafhopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelly,  
 Grace said, we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile:  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lightes us home to bed.

40

O'er



O'er tops of dewy grasse  
So nimble we do passe,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends where we do walk:  
Yet in the morning may be seene  
Where we the night before have beene.

45

XXVI.

THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

*This humourous old song fell from the hand of the facetious bishop Corbet (probably in his youth) and is printed from the third edition of his poems, Lond. 1672. 12mo. It is there called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meadows brown, by the learned: by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."*

*The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse.*

" In the old dayes of king Artour  
" ( Of which the Britons speken grete honour )  
" All was this lond fulfilled of fayry ;  
" The elf-quene , with her jolly company ,  
" Daunsed full oft in many a grene mede .  
" This was an old opinion as I rede :  
" I speke of many hundred yere agoe :  
" But now can no man see no elves moe :  
" For now the grete charite , and prayeres  
" Of Limitours , and other holy freres ,

M 2

" That

# 184 A N C I E N T S O N G S

" That serchen every lond, and every streme,  
 " As thicke as motes in the Junne beme,  
 " Blessing halles, chambers, kitchins, and bowres,  
 " Cities, borowes, castelles, and hie toures,  
 " Thropes, and bernes, shepens, and dairies,  
 " This maketh that there ben now no fairies:  
 " For there as wont to walken was an elfe,  
 " There walketh now the Limitour himselfe,  
 " In undermeles and in morrownynges,  
 " And saieth his mattins and his holie thinges,  
 " As he goeth in his limitacioun.  
 " Wyemen may now go safely up and doun,  
 " In every bush, and under every tree,  
 " There is none other incubus but he:  
 " And he ne will don hem no dishonour,"

*Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long Bp. of Norwich, died in 1635, *Ætat.* 52.

**F**arewell rewards and fairies!

Good housewives now may say;

For now foul fluts in dairies,

Do fare as well as they:

And though they sweep their hearths no less

Than maids were wont to doe,

Yet who, of late for cleanliness

Finds six pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,

The fairies last command;

They did but change priests babies,

But some have chang'd your land:

And

And all your children stoln from thence  
Are now grown Puritans,  
Who live as changelings ever since,  
For love of your demains.

15

At morning and at evening both  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleep and sloth,  
These pretty ladies had.  
When Tom came home from labour,  
Or Cifs to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their tabour,  
And nimbly went their toes.

20

Witness those rings and round - delays  
Of theirs, which yet remain;  
Were footed in queene Maries dayes  
On many a grassy plain.  
But since of late Elizabeth  
And later James came in;  
They never danc'd on any heath,  
As when the time hath bin.

25

By which we note the fairies  
Were of the old profession:  
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,  
Their dances were procession.  
But now, alas! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas,  
Or further from religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease.

30

35

40

A tell-tale in their company  
They never could endure;

M 3

And

# 186      A N C I E N T   S O N G S

And whofo kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punish'd fure :  
 It was a iust and christian deed 45  
 To pinch such black and blue :  
 O how the common-wealth doth need  
 Such iustices, as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;  
 A regitrer they have, 50  
 Who can preserve their charters ;  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store, con twenty thanks 55  
 To William for the fame.

To William Churne of Stafford hire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meal can mend your cheate  
 With tales both old and true; 60  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray you for his noddle :  
 For all the fairies evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.



ANCIENT

ANCIENT  
SONGS AND BALLADS,  
&c.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK III.

I.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

*The incidents in this, and the other ballad of ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, tho' now the play-thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall in his satires, published in 1597, ranks*

*"St. George's forell, and his cross of blood," among the most popular stories of his time: nor did Spenser himself disdain to borrow hints from it, as an ingenious critic has lately shewn. See Mr. Warton's new edit. of his Observations.*

M 4

The

The author of this romance was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications: viz. — “The nine worthies of London: 1592. 4to. — „ The pleasant walks of Moor-fields: 1607. 4to. — “A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c. 1612. 8vo. — „ The life and death of Rob. Cecil, E. of Salisbury: 1612. 4to. — “The hist. of Tom of Lincoln, 4to.,” is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted “Don Flores of Greece, 4to. „

The *Seven Champions*, tho’ written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems, for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra; is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of “*Syr Bevis of Hampton*. „

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer’s time, [see above pag. 104.] and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran thro’ several editions; two of which are in black-letter, 4to, “imprinted by Wylliam Copland „ without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the *Seven Champions* has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by *sir Bevis*.

“ — Whan the dragon, that foule is,

“ Had a syght of *syr Bevis*

“ He cast up a loude cry,

“ As it had thondred in the sky;

“ He turned his bely toward the son;

“ It was greater than any tonne:

“ His scales was bryghter then the glas,

“ And harder they were than any bras;

*Betwene*

- " Betwene his shulder and his tayle,  
 " Was forty fote withoute fayle.  
 " He waltred out of his denne,  
 " And Bevis pricked his stede then,  
 " And to hym a spere he thraſte  
 " That all to shyvers he it braſte;  
 " The dragon then gan Bevis aſſayle,  
 " And ſmote ſyr Bevis with his tayle,  
 " Then downe went horſe and man,  
 " And two rybbes of Bevis bruſed than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, ſir Bevis

- " Hit him under the wynges  
 " As he was in his flyenge,  
 " There he was tender without ſcale,  
 " And Bevis thought to be his bale.  
 " He ſmote after, as I you ſaye,  
 " With his good ſword Morglaye.  
 " Up to the hiltes Morglay yode  
 " Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;  
 " To the ground fell the dragon,  
 " Great joye ſyr Bevis begon.  
 " Under the ſcales al on hight  
 " He ſmote off his head forth right,  
 " And put it on a ſpere: &c.

Sign. K. 10.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, ſee Chap. III. viz. "The dragon no ſooner had a fight of him [St. George] but he gave ſuch a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . "Betwixt his ſhoulders and his tail were fifty feet in diſtance, his ſcales glistening as bright as ſilver, but far more hard than braſs; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun, Thus weltered he from his den, &c.

M 5

"his

... "The champion... gave the dragon such a thrust with  
 "his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat  
 "the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous  
 "tail, that down fell man and horse; in which fall two  
 "of St. Georges ribs were sore bruised, &c. — At length  
 "... St. George "smote the dragon under the wing where  
 "it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon  
 "with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both  
 "the dragon's heart, liver, bone and blood — Then St. Ge-  
 "orge — cut off the dragon's head and pitcht it upon the trun-  
 "cheon of a spear, &c.,,

The History of the Seven Champions being written just be-  
 fore the decline of books of chivalry was never, I believe,  
 translated into any foreign language: But "*Le Roman de*  
 "*Beuves of Hantonne*,," was published at Paris in 1502,  
 4to. Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us that about the Norman inva-  
 sion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton,  
 whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; but observes  
 that the monkish enlargements of his story, have made his  
 very existence doubted. See Notes on *Poly-Olbion*, Song III.

As for the martial History of St. George, it is given up,  
 as entirely apocryphal. The equestrian figure, worn by the  
 knights of the garter, has been understood to be an emblem of  
 the christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing  
 the old serpent. But a learned writer has lately shewn that  
 it is neither more nor less, than a charm or amulet borrowed  
 from some eastern hereticks; which having been originally  
 worn as a protection from the malignity of the air, at length  
 was considered, as a preservative from wounds, and an means  
 to insure victory in battle. For it seems the ancient orien-  
 tals represented the sun by a man on horseback; the sun's rays  
 by a spear; and any noxious exhalation by a serpent. See  
*Petingall's dissertation*, 4to. It



*It cannot be denied, but that a great part of the following ballad is modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.*

**L**ISTEN, lords, in bower and hall;  
 I sing the wonderous birth  
 Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm  
 Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve  
 He travell'd many a day;  
 In honour of the christian faith,  
 Which shall endure for aye.

I Coventry sometime did dwell  
 A knight of worthy fame,  
 High steward of this noble realme;  
 Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,  
 Whose beauty did excell.  
 This virtuous lady, being with child,  
 In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleepe  
 Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,  
 But, lo! a foul and fearful dreame  
 Her fancy did surprize:

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell  
 Conceiv'd within her womb;  
 Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
 Ere he to life could come.

All

All woe-begone, and fad was she;                                25  
She nourisht constant woe :  
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
Lest he shoud sorrow know.

In vain she strove, her tender lord,  
Who watch'd her lightest look,  
Discover'd soon her secret paine,  
And soon that paine partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
She weeping did impart,  
With kindest speech he strove to heal  
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady deare,  
Those pearly drops refraine;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll try to ease thy paine.

And for this foul and fearful dreame,  
That causeth all thy woe,  
Trust me I'll travel far away  
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace ,  
And shedding many a teare ,  
To the weird lady of the woods  
He purpos'd to repair.

To the weird lady of the woods,  
Full long and many a daye,  
Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough  
He winds his weary waye.

At

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
 With dismal yews o'erhung;  
 Where cypress spred it's mournful boughes, 55  
 And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloome,  
 He hears no chearful sound;  
 But shrill night-ravens yelling screame,  
 And serpents hiss around. 60

The shriek of fiends, and damned ghosts  
 Ran howling thro' his eare:  
 A chilling horror froze his heart,  
 Tho' all unus'd to feare.

Three times he strives to win his waye, 65  
 And pierce those sickly dewes:  
 Three times to bear his trembling corse  
 His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast  
 He signs the holy crosse;  
 And, rousing up his wonted might, 70  
 He treads th' unhallow'd mofse.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliffe,  
 All vaulted like a grave,  
 And opening in the solid rocke, 75  
 He found the enchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouthe,  
 All hideous and forlorne;  
 And, fasten'd by a silver chaine,  
 Near hung a brazen horne. 80

Then

Then offering up a milk-white lambe  
 Three times he blowes amaine:  
 Three times a deepe and hollow sound  
 Did answer him againe.

" Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85  
 " Who, like a dragon bright,  
 " Shall prove right dreadful to his foes,  
 " And terrible in fight.

" His name advanc'd in future times  
 " On banners shall be worne: 90  
 " But lo! thy lady's life must passe  
 " Before he can be borne. „

All fore opprest with feare and doubt  
 Long time lord Albret stood;  
 At length he winds his doubtful waye, 95  
 Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovelye dame-  
 Then fast he travels backe:  
 But when he reach'd his castle gate,  
 His gate was hung with blacke. 100

In every court and hall he found  
 A fullen silence reigne;  
 Save where, amid the lonely towers,  
 He heard her maidens 'plaine;

And bitterly lament and weepe, 105  
 With many a grievous grone:  
 Then fore his bleeding heart misgave,  
 His lady's life was gone.

With

With faltering step he enters in,  
Yet half affraid to goe; 110

With trembling voice asks why they grieve,  
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

" Three times the sun hath rose and set;

" They said, then stopt to weepe:

" Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115

" In death's eternal sleepe.

" For, ah! in travel sore she fell,

" So sore that she must dye;

" Unless some shrewd and cunning leech

" Could ease her presentlye. 120

" But when a cunning leech was fet,

" Too soon declared hee,

" She, or her babe must lose its life,

" Both saved could not bee.

" Now take my life, thy lady said, 125

" My little infant save:

" And O commend me to my lord,

" When I am laid in grave.

" O tell him how that precious babe

" Cost him a tender wife: 130

" And teach my son to list her name,

" Who died to save his life.

" Then calling still upon thy name,

" And praying still for thee;

" Without repining or complaint, 135

" Her gentle soul did see."

What

## 196 ANCIENT SONGS

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,  
The bitter tears he fhed,  
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,  
To find his lady dead?

140

He beat his breaft: he tore his hair:  
And fhedding many a teare,  
At length he afkt to fee his fon;  
The fon that coft fo deare.

New forrowe feiz'd the damfells all:

145

At length they faltering faye;  
" Alas! my lord, how fhall we tell?  
" Thy fon is ftolen away.

" Faire as the sweeteft flower of fpring,

" Such was his infant mien:

150

" And on his little body ftampt

" Three wonderous marks were feen:

" A blood-red crofs was on his arme;

" A dragon on his breaft:

" A little garter all of gold

155

" Was round his leg exprest.

" Three carefull nurfes we provide

" Our little lord to keepe:

" One gave him fucke, one gave him food,

" And one did lull to fleepe.

160

" But lo! all in the dead of night,

" We heard a fearful found:

" Loud thunder clapt; the caſtle fhook;

" And lightning flaſht around.

" Dead

" Dead with affright at first we lay; 165

" But rousing up anon,

" We rann to see our little lord :

" Our little lord was gone !

" But how or where we could not tell ;

" For lying on the ground , 170

" In deep and magic slumbers laid ,

" The nurfes there we found.

O grief on grief ! lord Albret said :

No more his tongue cou'd say ,

When falling in a deadly swoone , 175

Long time he lifelefs lay.

At length reftor'd to life and fenfe

He nourifht endlefs woe ,

No future joy his heart could tafte ,

No future comfort knowe. 180

So withers on the mountain top

A fair and ftately oake ,

Whofe vigorous arms are torne away ,

By fome rude thunder-ftroke.

At length his caftle irkfome grew , 185

He loathes his wonted home ;

His native country he forfakes

In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far ,

Clad in a palmer's gowne ; 190

Till his brown locks grew white as wool ,

His beard as thistle downe.

## 198 ANCIENT SONGS

At length, all wearied, down in death  
 He laid his reverend head.  
 Meantime amid the lonely wilds  
 His little son was bred.

195

There the weird lady of the woods  
 Had borne him far away,  
 And train'd him up in feates of armes,  
 And every martial play.

200

\* \* \*

### II.

#### GEORGE BARNWELL.

*The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it, This was written by GEORGE LILLO a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730. — As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.*

*It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled. "An excellent ballad of "GEORGE BARNWELL, an apprentice of London, who " . . . thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in " Ludlow. The tune is "The Merchant."*

*This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.*

#### THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair England  
 That dwell both far and near,  
 Regard my story that I tell,  
 And to my song give ear.

A



A London lad I was,  
A merchant's prentice bound;  
My name George Barnwell; that did spend  
My master many a pound.

5

Take heed of harlots then,  
And their enticing trains;  
For by that means I have been brought  
To hang alive in chains.

10

As I upon a day,  
Was walking through the street  
About my master's business,  
A wanton I did meet.

15

A gallant dainty dame,  
And sumptuous in attire;  
With smiling look she greeted me,  
And did my name require.

20

Which when I had declar'd,  
She gave me then a kifs,  
And said, if I would come to her,  
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,  
If I the place may know,  
This evening I will be with you,  
For I abroad must go,

25

To gather monies in,  
That are my master's due:  
And ere that I do home return,  
I'll come and visit you.

30

## 200 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Good Barnwell, then quoth fhe,  
Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,  
Next door unto the Gun. 35

And trust me on my truth,  
If thou keep touch with me,  
My dearest friend, as my own heart  
Thou shalt right welcome be. 40

Thus parted we in peace,  
And home I passed right;  
Then went abroad, and gathered in,  
By six o'clock at night.

An hundred pound and one:  
With bag under my arm  
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,  
And thought on little harm; 45

And knocking at the door,  
Straightway herself came down;  
Rustling in most brave attire,  
With hood and filken gown. 50

Who through her beauty bright,  
So gloriously did shine,  
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,  
She seemed so divine. 55

She took me by the hand,  
And with a modest grace,  
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth fhe,  
Unto this homely place. 60

And

And since I have thee found  
As good as thy word to be;  
A homely supper ere we part,  
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I, 65  
Fair mistress, I you pray;  
For why, out of my master's house  
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good Sir, she said, 70  
Are you so strictly ty'd,  
You may not with your dearest friend  
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the case is hard,  
If it be so, quoth she;  
I would I were a prentice bound, 75  
To live along with thee:

Therefore my dearest George,  
Lift well what I shall say,  
And do not blame a woman much,  
Her fancy to bewray. 80

Let not affection's force  
Be counted lewd desire,  
Nor think it not immodesty,  
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside, 85  
And with a blushing red,  
A mournful motion she bewray'd  
By hanging down her head.

## 202    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

A handkerchief she had,  
 All wrought with silk and gold:  
 Which she to stay her trickling tears  
 Before her eyes did hold.

90

This thing unto my sight  
 Was wondrous rare and strange;  
 And in my foul and inward thought,  
 It wrought a sudden change:

95

That I so hardy grew,  
 To take her by the hand:  
 Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you  
 So dull and pensive stand?

100

Call me no mistress now,  
 But Sarah, thy true friend,  
 Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,  
 Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,  
 Thou art in years a boy;  
 So was Adonis, yet was he  
 Fair Venus' only joy.

105

Thus I, who ne'er before  
 Of woman found such grace,  
 But seeing now so fair a dame  
 Give me a kind embrace.

110

I sapt with her that night,  
 With joys that did abound;  
 And for the same paid presently,  
 In money twice three pound.

115

An

An hundred kisses then,  
For my farewel she gave;  
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I  
Again thy company have? 120

O stay not hence too long,  
Sweet George, have me in mind.  
Her words bewicht my childishness,  
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,  
Next Sunday without fail,  
With my sweet Sarah once again,  
To tell some pleasant tale. 125

When she heard me say so,  
The tears fell from her eye;  
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,  
Thy Sarah sure will dye. 130

Though long, yet loe! at last,  
The appointed day was come,  
That I must with my Sarah meet;  
Having a mighty fume 135

Of money in my hand,  
Unto her house went I,  
Whereas my love upon her bed,  
In saddest sort did lye. 140

What ails my heart's delight;  
My Sarah dear, quoth I;  
Let not my love lament and grieve,  
Nor fighting pine, and die.

# 204 ANCIENT SONGS

But tell me, dearest friend,  
What may thy woes amend,  
And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
Though forty pound I spend. 145

With that she turn'd her head,  
And sickly thus did say, 150  
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;  
And God he knows, quoth she,  
I have it not. Tush, rise, I said, 155  
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,  
Shall make my love decay.  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pound straightway. 160

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go;  
She proffered me to lye with her,  
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,  
I gave her store of coyn, 165  
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;  
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;  
Until my master then 170  
Did call to have his reckoning in  
Cast up among his men.

The

The which when as I heard,  
 I knew not what to say:  
 For well I knew that I was out 175  
 Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight  
 I ran in secret sort;  
 And unto Sarah Millwood there 180  
 My case I did report.

But how she us'd this youth,  
 In this his care and woe,  
 And all a strumpet's wiley ways,  
 The SECOND PART may shewe.

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,  
 Sweet Sarah, my delight:  
 I am undone unless thou stand  
 My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts,  
 Hath just occasion found;  
 And I am caught behind the hand,  
 Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,  
 My love I fly to thee,  
 Hoping some time I may remaine 185  
 In safety here with thee.

N 5

With

## 206 ANCIENT SONGS

With that she knit her brows,  
And looking all aquoy,  
Quoth she, What should I have to do 15  
With any prentice boy?

And seing you have parloyn'd  
Your master's goods away,  
The case is bad, and therefore here  
You shall no longer stay. 20

Why dear, thou knowst, I said,  
How all which I could get,  
I gave it, and did spend it all  
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,  
To charge me in this sort,  
Being a woman of credit fair,  
And know of good report. 25

Therefore I tell thee flatt,  
Be packing with good speed, 30  
I do defie thee from my heart,  
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship that  
You did to me protest?  
Is this the great affection which 35  
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle fhrews!  
The best is, I may speed  
To get a lodging any where  
For money in my need. 40

Falſe



Falſe woman, now farewell,  
 Whilſt twenty pound doth laſt,  
 My anchor in ſome other haven  
 With freedom I will caſt.

When ſhe perceiv'd by this, 49  
 I had ſtore of money there:  
 Stay, George, quoth ſhe, thou art too quick:  
 Why, man, I did but jeer:

Doſt think for all my ſpeech,  
 That I would let thee go? 50  
 Faith no, ſaid ſhe, my love to thee  
 I wiſh is more than ſo.

You ſcorne a prentice boy,  
 I heard you juſt now ſwear,  
 Wherefore I will not trouble you. 55  
 — Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou ſhalt not go to-night,  
 What chance ſoe'er befall:  
 But man we'll have a bed for thee,  
 Or elſe the devil take all. 60

So I by wiles bewitcht,  
 And ſnar'd with fancy ſtill,  
 Had then no power to put away,  
 Or to withſtand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd, 65  
 And cheer upon good cheer;  
 And nothing in the world I thought  
 For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilſt

## 208 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Whilst in her company,  
 I had such merriment;  
 All, all too little I did think,  
 That I upon her spent. 70

A fig for care and thought!  
 When all my gold is gone,  
 In faith, my girl, we will have more,  
 Whoever I light upon. 75

My father's rich, why then  
 Should I want store of gold?  
 Nay with a father sure, quoth she,  
 A son may well make bold. 80

I've a sister richly wed,  
 I'll rob her ere I'll want.  
 Nay, then quoth Sarah, they may well  
 Consider of your scant. 85

Nay, I an uncle have,  
 At Ludlow he doth dwell:  
 He is a grazier, which in wealth  
 Doth all the rest excell. 90

Ere I will live in lack,  
 And have no coyn for thee:  
 I'll rob his house, and murder him.  
 Why should you not? quoth she: 95

Was I a man, ere I  
 Would live in poor estate;  
 On father, friends, and all my kin,  
 I would my talons grate. 99

For

For without money, George,  
A man is but a beast:  
But bringing money, thou shalt be  
Always my welcome guest. 100

For shouldst thou be pursued  
With twenty hues and cries,  
And with a warrant searched for  
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;  
Such privy ways there be,  
That if they sought an hundred years  
They could not find out thee. 105

And so carousing both  
Their pleasures to content:  
George Barnwell had in little space  
His money wholly spent. 110

Which done, to Ludlow straight  
He did provide to go,  
To rob his wealthy uncle there;  
His minion would it so. 115

And once he thought to take  
His father by the way;  
But that he fear'd his master had  
Took order for his stay. 120

Unto his uncle then  
He rode with might and main,  
Who with a welcome and good cheer  
Did Barnwell entertain.

## 210 A N C I E N T S O N G S

One fortnight's space he staid,  
 Until it chanced so,  
 His uncle with his cattle did  
 Unto a market go. 125

His kinsman rode with him,  
 Where he did see right plain,  
 Great store of money he had took :  
 When coming home again, 130

Sudden within a wood,  
 He struck his uncle down,  
 And beat his brains out of his head ;  
 So fore he crackt his crown. 135

Then seizing fourscore pound,  
 To London straight he hyed,  
 And unto Sarah Millwood all  
 The cruell fact decryed. 140

Tufh, 'tis no matter, George,  
 So we the money have  
 To have good cheer in jolly fort,  
 And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy fort,  
 Until their store was gone :  
 When means to get them any more,  
 I wis, poor George he had none. 145

Therefore in railing fort,  
 She thrust him out of door :  
 Which is the just reward of those,  
 Who spend upon a whois. 150

O!

O! do me not disgrace  
 In this my need, quoth he.  
 She call'd him thief and murderer, 155  
 With all the spight might be:

To the constable she sent,  
 To have him apprehended;  
 And shewed how far in each degree,  
 He had the laws offended. 160

When Barnwell saw her drift,  
 To see he got straightway;  
 Where fear and sting of conscience  
 Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then, 165  
 He did a letter write;  
 In which is own and Sarah's fault  
 He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,  
 And then to Ludlow sent: 170  
 Where she was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd,  
 For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,  
 Such was her greatest gains:  
 For murder in Polonia, 175  
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,  
 That after harlots haunt;  
 Who in the spoil of other men,  
 About the streets do flaunt. 180

III.

## III.

## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

*The following ballad is given (with some corrections)  
from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection;  
one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.*

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing;  
And of the sack of stately Troy,  
What griefs fair Helena did bring,  
Which was fir Paris' only joy:  
And by my pen I will recite  
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

5

Against the Sarazens so rude  
Fought he full long and many a day;  
Where many gyants he subdu'd,  
In honour of the christian way:  
And after many adventures past  
To Egypt land he came at last.

10

Now, as the story plain doth tell,  
Within that countrey there did rest  
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,  
Whereby they were full sore opprest:  
Who by his poisonous breath each day,  
Did many of the city slay.

15

The grief whereof did grow so great  
Throughout the limits of the land,  
That they their wife-men did intreat  
To shew their cunning out of hand;  
What way they might this fiend destroy,  
That did the countrey thus annoy.

20

The

The wife-men all before the king 25

This answer fram'd incontinent;

The dragon none to death might bring

By any means they could invent:

His skin more hard than brass was found,

That sword nor spear, could pierce nor wound. 30

When this the people understood,

They cryed out most piteously,

The dragon's breath infects their blood,

That every day in heaps they dye:

Among them such a plague it bred, 35

The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,

For to appease the dragon's rage,

But to present some virgin clear,

Whose blood his fury might assuage; 40

Each day he would a maiden eat,

For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wife-men found,

Which truly must observed be;

Wherefore throughout the city round 45

A virgin pure of good degree

Was by the king's commission still

Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day

Untimely crop some virgin flower, 50

Till all the maids were worn away,

And none were left him to devour:

Saving the king's fair daughter bright,

Her father's only heart's delight.

# 214. A N C I E N T S O N G S

Then came the officers to the king 55  
 That heavy message to declare,  
 Which did his heart with sorrow sting;  
 She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:  
 O let us all be poisoned here,  
 Ere she should dye, that is my dear. 60

Then rose the people presently,  
 And to the king in rage they went;  
 They said his daughter deare should dye,  
 The dragon's fury to prevent:  
 Our daughters all are dead, quoth they, 65  
 And have been made the dragons prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,  
 And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;  
 And now in sooth it is but faire,  
 For us thy daughter so should die. 70  
 O save my daughter, said the king;  
 And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,  
 And to her father dear did say,  
 O father, strive not thus for me, 75  
 But let me be the dragon's prey;  
 It may be, for my sake alone  
 This plague upon the land was thrown.

Tis better I should dye, she said,  
 Than all your subjects perish quite; 80  
 Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
 For my offence to work his spite:  
 And after he hath sucked my gore,  
 Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What



# AND BALLADS. 215

What hast thou done, my daughter dear, 85

For to deserve this heavy scourge?

It is my fault, as may appear,

Which makes the gods our state to purge;

Then ought I die, to stint the strife,

And to preserve thy happy life. 90

Like mad-men, all the people cried,

Thy death to us can do no good;

Our safety only doth abide

In making her the dragon's food.

Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she, 95

Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,

And as thou art a virgin bright,

That hast for vertue famous been,

So let me cloath thee all in white; 100

And crown thy head with flowers sweet,

An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,

According to her mother's mind,

Unto the stake then did she go; 105

To which her tender limbs they bind:

And being bound to stake a thrall

She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,

And my sweet mother meek and mild; 110

Take you no thought nor weep for me,

For you may have another child:

Since for my country's good I dye,

Death I receive most willinglye.

## 216 ANCIENT SONGS

The king and queen and all their train      115  
 With weeping eyes went then their way,  
 And let their daughter there remain,  
 To be the hungry dragon's prey:  
 But as she did there weeping lye,  
 Behold St. George came riding by.      120

And seeing there a lady bright  
 So rudely tyed unto a flake,  
 As well became a valiant knight,  
 He straight to her his way did take:  
 Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,      125  
 What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his crofs I vow,  
 Which here is figured on my breast,  
 I will revenge it on his brow,  
 And break my lance upon his chest;      130  
 And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
 The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy  
 The dreadful dragon coming so,  
 Unto St. George aloud did cry,      135  
 And willed him away to go;  
 Here comes that curfed fiend, quoth she,  
 That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,  
 The fiery dragon soon espy'd,      140  
 And like a knight of courage stout,  
 Against him did most fiercely ride;  
 And with such blows he did him greet,  
 He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For

For with his launce that was so strong, 145

As he came gaping in his face,

In at his mouth he thrust along,

For he could pierce no other place:

And thus within the lady's view

This mighty dragon straight he flew. 150

The favour of his poisoned breath

Could do this holy knight no harm.

Thus he the lady sav'd from death,

And home he led her by the arm;

Which when king Ptolemy did see, 155

There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there

Had slain the dragon in the field,

To court he brought the lady fair,

Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160

He in the court of Egypt staid

Till he most falfely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,

He counted her his only joy; 165

But when their love was brought to light

It turn'd unto their great annoy:

Th' Morocco king was in the court,

Who to the orchard did resort:

Dayly to take the pleasant air,

For pleasure sake he us'd to walk, 170

Under a wall he oft did hear

St. George with lady Sabra talk:

Their love he shew'd unto the king,

Which to St. George great woe did bring.

## 218 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Those kings together did devise 175  
 To make the christian knight away,  
 With letters him in curteous wife  
 They straightway sent to Persia:  
 But wrote to th' sophy him to kill,  
 And treacherously his blood to spill. 180

Thus they for good did him reward  
 With evil, and most subtilly  
 By much vile meanes they had regard  
 To work his death most cruelly;  
 Who, as through Persia land he rode, 185  
 With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown  
 Into a dungeon dark and deep;  
 Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,  
 He bitterly did wail and weep: 190  
 Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
 At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia  
 By night this valiant champion flew,  
 Though he had fasted many a day; 195  
 And then away from thence he flew  
 On the best steed the sophy had;  
 Which when he knew he was full mad,

Towards Christendom he made his flight  
 But met a gyant by the way, 200  
 With whom in combat he did fight  
 Most valiantly a summer's day:  
 Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
 Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back

Back o'er the seas with many bands, 205  
 Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  
 Vowing upon those heathen lands  
 To work revenges which, at the last,  
 Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,  
 He wrought unto his heart's content. 210

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd  
 For Sabra bright her only lake,  
 And, ere for her he had regard,  
 He meant a tryal, kind to make:  
 Mean while the king o'ercome in field 215  
 Unto saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he flew  
 And took fair Sabra to his wife,  
 But meant to try if she were true  
 Ere with her he would lead his life: 220  
 And, tho' he had her in his train,  
 She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame  
 The brave St. George conducted straight;  
 An eunuch also with them came, 225  
 Who did upon the lady wait;  
 These three from Egypt went alone,  
 Now mark St. Georg'es valour shewn.

When as they in a forest were  
 The lady did desire to rest, 230  
 Mean while St. George to kill a deer,  
 For their repast did think it best:  
 Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
 Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

## 220 ANCIENT SONGS

But lo! all in his absence came 235

Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,

And tore the eunuch on the same

In pieces small, the truth to tell;

Down by the lady then they laid,

Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid. 240

But when he came from hunting back,

And did behold this heavy chance,

Then for his lovely virgin's sake

His courage frait he did advance,

And came into the lions fight, 245

Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay

Who, like a stout and valiant knight,

Did both the hungry Lyons slay

Within the lady Sabra's fight: 250

Who all this while sad and demure,

There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know

This lady was a virgin true,

His heart was glad, that erst was woe, 255

And all his love did soon renew:

He fet her on a palfrey steed,

And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd

Unto his native dwelling place; 260

Therein with his dear love he liv'd

And fortune did his nuptials grace:

They many years of joy did see,

And led their lives at Coventry.

IV.

IV.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

*This excellent song is ancient : but we could only give it  
from modern copies.*

**O**VER the mountains,  
And over the waves;  
Under the fountains,  
And under the graves;  
Over floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lye;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture  
Left herself fast the lay;  
If love come he will enter,  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight;  
But if she, whom love doth honour,  
Be conceal'd from the day,  
Sed a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

## 228 ANCIENT SONGS

Some think to lose him,  
 By having him confin'd;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that you may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 Will find out his way.  
 You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phenix of the east;  
 The lions, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey;  
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
 He will find out his way.

### 21 THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY.

*Given (with some corrections) from a MS copy. and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.*

**T**HERE was a knight was drunk with wine,  
 A riding along the way, fir;  
 And there he met with a lady fine,  
 Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall



Shall you and I, O lady faire,  
Among the grafs lye downe-a;  
And I will have a special care  
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,  
Will spoil my damaske gowne, fir;  
My gown, and kirtle they are newe,  
And cost me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;  
Then, lady faire, come day thy head,  
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free  
Among the cocks of hay, fir;  
And if the pinner should chance to see,  
He'll take my steed away, fir.

Upon my finger I have a ring,  
Its made of finest gold-a;  
And, lady, if thy steed shall bring  
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;  
Fair chambers there are three, fir;  
And you shall have the best of all,  
And I'll your chamberlain bee, fir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
And her on her dapple gray, fir;  
And there they rode to her father's hall,  
Fast pricking along the way, fir.

To

## 224 ANCIENT SONGS

2 To her father's hall they arrived frait;  
 'Twas moated round about - a;  
 She flipped herself within the gate,  
 And lockt the knight without - a. 35

Here is a silver penny to spend,  
 And take it for your pain, fir;  
 And two of my father's men I'll fend  
 To wait on you back again, fir. 40

He from his scabbard drew his brand,  
 And whet it upon his sleeve - a:  
 And curst, he said, be every man,  
 That will a maid believe - a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,  
 And whip'd it upon her gown - a;  
 And curst be every maiden faire,  
 That will with men lye down - a! 45

A tree there is, that lowly grows,  
 And some do call it rue, fir:  
 The smallest dunghill cock that crows,  
 Would make a capon of you, fir. 50

A flower there is, that shineth bright,  
 Some call it mary-gold - a:  
 He that wold not when he might,  
 He shall not when he wold - a. 55

The knight was riding another day,  
 With cloak and hat and feather:  
 He met again with that lady gay,  
 Who was angling in the river. 60

Now,

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,  
 You shall no more escape me;  
 Remember, how not long agoe  
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red, 65  
 And trembled at the stranger:  
 How shall I guard my maidenhead  
 From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,  
 In all his riche attyer; 70  
 And cryed, as I am a noble knight,  
 I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,  
 Who seemingly consented;  
 And would no more disputing stand: 75  
 She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good fir knight, I pray,  
 Methinks I now discover,  
 A riding upon his dapple gray,  
 My former constant lover. 80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,  
 Fast by the rivers brink - a;  
 The lady pufht with all her might:  
 Sir knight now swim or sink - a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in, 85  
 The bottom faire he sounded;  
 Then rising up, he cried amain,  
 Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned!

Now

## 226 ANCIENT SONGS

Now, fare-~~you~~-well, fir-knight, adieu!  
 You see what comes of fooling:  
 That is the fittest place for you;  
 Your courage wanted cooking.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,  
Just at the close of eve-a,  
Again she met with her angry sparke;  
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,  
And no one now can hear thee:  
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,  
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, fir knight, be not so warm  
With a young filly maid - a:  
I vow and fwear I thought no harm,  
'Twas a gentle jest I playd - a.

A gentle jest, in soothe! he cry'd,  
To tumble me in and leave me:  
What if I had in the river dy'd? —  
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,  
Tho' injur'd out of measure;  
But then prepare without delay  
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,  
Yet think of your boots and spurs, first of all;  
Let me pull off both spur and boot,  
Or else you cannot stir, stir.

He

He set him down upon the grafs,  
 And beg'd her kind assistance:  
 Now, smiling thought this lovely las,  
 I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling of his boots half-way;  
 Sir knight, now I'm your betters:  
 You shall not make of me your prey;  
 Sit there like a knave in fetters,

The knight when she had served foe, 125  
 He fretted, fumed, and grumbled:  
 For he could neither stand nor goe,  
 But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,  
 Yet do not move nor stir, sir: 130  
 I'll send you my father's serving men,  
 To pull off your boots and spurs, sir,

This merry jest you must excuse,  
 You are but a stingless nettle:  
 You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, 135  
 Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,  
 Rolling upon the plain - a:  
 Next morning a shepherd past that way,  
 Who set him right again - a. 140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,  
 By hill and dale he swore - a:  
 I'll ride at once to her father's hall;  
 She shall escape no more - a.

FIN

## 228 A N C I E N T S O N G S

I'll take her father by the beard,  
 I'll challenge all her kindred;  
 Each dastard foul shall stand affeard;  
 My wrath shall no more be hindred. 145

He rode unto her father's house,  
 Which every side was moated:  
 The lady heard his furious vows,  
 And all his vengeance noted. 150

Thought shee, fir knight, to quench your rage,  
 Once more I will endeavour;  
 This water shall your fury 'swage,  
 Or else it shall burn for ever. 155

Then faining penitence and feare,  
 She did invite a parley:  
 Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,  
 Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160

My father he is now from home,  
 And I am all alone, fir:  
 Therefore a-crofs the water come;  
 And I am all your own, fir.

Falfe maid, thou can'st no more deceive,  
 I scorn the treacherous bait-a:  
 If thou would'st have me thee believe,  
 Now open me the gate-a, 165

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,  
 My father has the keys, fir. 170  
 But I have for my love prepar'd  
 A shorter way and easier.

Over

Over the moathe I've laid a plank  
 Full seventeen feet in measure:  
 Then step a-crofs to the other bank,  
 And there we'll take our pleasure.

175

These words she had no sooner spoke,  
 But strait he came tripping over:  
 The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;  
 And fous'd the unhappy lover.

180

\* \*

VI.

WHY SO PALE ?

*From sir John Suckling's poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prethee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prethee why so pale?

5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prethee why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing doe't?  
 Prethee why so mute?

10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,  
     This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
     Nothing can make her.  
     The devil take her!

15

## VII.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF  
JEALOUSY.

*The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, intitled "The theatre of God's judgments," by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642. Pt. 2. p. 89. — The text is given (with some corrections) from two copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden,*

"Ob jealousy! thou art nurs't in hell:  
 "Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

**A**LL tender hearts, that ake to hear  
     Of those that suffer wrong;  
 All you, that never shed a tear,  
     Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy  
     My tale doth far exceed:  
 Alas! that so much cruelty  
     In female hearts should breed!

5

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,  
     Who was of high degree;  
 Whose wayward temper did create,  
     Much woe and misery.

10

Strange



Strange jealousies so fill'd her head  
 With many a vain surmise,  
 She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed, 15  
 And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair  
 Did on this lady wait;  
 With bravest dames she might compare;  
 Her beauty was compleat. 20

Her lady cast a jealous eye  
 Upon this gentle maid;  
 And taxt her with disloyaltye;  
 And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek 25  
 Her bitter taunts would bear;  
 While oft adown her lovely cheek  
 Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove  
 Her fury to disarm; 30  
 As well the meekness of the dove  
 The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord of humour light and gay,  
 And innocent the while,  
 As oft, as she came in his way, 35  
 Would on the damself smile.

And oft before his lady's face,  
 As thinking her her friend,  
 He would the maiden's modest grace,  
 And comeliness commend. 40

## 132    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

All which incens'd his lady fo  
 She burnt with wrath extream;  
 At length the fire that long did glow,  
 Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell, 45  
 When he was gone from home,  
 The lady all with rage did swell,  
 And to the damfell come.

And charging her with great offence,  
 And many a grievous fault; 50  
 She bade her servants drag her thence,  
 Into a dismal vault.

There lay beneath the common-shore  
 A dungeon dark and deep:  
 Where they were wont, in days of yore, 55  
 Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day  
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom:  
 But dank and noisome vapours play  
 Around the wretched room. 60

And adders, snakes and toads therein,  
 As afterwards was known,  
 Long in this loathsome vault had bin,  
 And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place, 65  
 The fair one innocent  
 Was cast, before her lady's face;  
 Her malice to content.

This

This maid no sooner enter'd is,  
But strait, alas! she hears 70  
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss:  
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,  
And fiercely her assail:  
Which makes the damsel sorely weep, 75  
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain  
Her body to defend:  
With shrieks, and cries she doth complain,  
But all is to no end. 80

A servant lifting near the door,  
Struck with her doleful noise,  
Strait ran his lady to implore;  
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen 85  
To mark the maiden's groans;  
And plainly hears, within the den,  
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies  
With all the haste he may: 90  
She into furious passion flies,  
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return  
To hear her tender cries;  
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn; 95  
Which fill'd him with surprize.

## 234    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

In grief, and horror, and affright,  
 He listens at the walls;  
 But finding all was silent quite,  
 He to his lady calls. 100

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,  
 Your cruelty hath sped:  
 Make hast, for shame, and come and see;  
 I fear the virgin's dead.

She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105  
 And does with torches run:  
 But all her hast was now too late,  
 For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd strait they found  
 The virgin stretch'd along; 110  
 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,  
 Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist  
 Had twin'd his fatal wreath:  
 The other close her neck embrac'd, 115  
 And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,  
 Their bellies were so fill'd,  
 That with excess of blood they burst,  
 Thus with their prey were kill'd. 120

The wicked lady at this sight,  
 With horror strait ran mad;  
 So raving dy'd as was most right,  
 Cause she no pity had.

Let

Let me advife you, ladies all,  
Of jealousy beware:  
It causeth many a one to fall,  
And is the devil's snare.

125

\*\*\*

VIII.

THE ASPIRING SHEPHERD.

*From the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.*

**H**E is a foole that baselye dallies,  
Where eche peasant mates with him:  
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies  
Having noble hills to climbe.  
No, no, those clownes, be scar'd with frownes,  
Shall never my esteeme obtaine;  
And such as you, fond fools, adieu!  
Ye seeke to captive me in vaine.

6

I doe scorne to vow a dutye,  
Where eche lustfull ladd may woe:  
Give me her whose 'fun-like' beautye  
Buzzards dare not gaze unto.  
Shée it is, affords my blisse,  
For whom I will refuse no paine:  
And such as you, fond fools, adieu!  
Ye seeke to captive me in vaine.

10

15

---

*Ver. 11. seemlye. MS.*

8

P 4

IX.

## IX.

## CONSTANT PENELOPE.

*The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in blackletter, and is intitled, "A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women. Tune Queen Dido, or Troy town.,"*

**W**HEN Greeks, and Trojans fell at strife,  
And lords in armour bright were seen;

When many a gallant lost his life

About fair Hellen, beauties queen;

Ulysses, general so free,

5

Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,

That he would to the warrs of Troy;

For grief she shed full many a tear,

At parting from her only joy;

10

Her ladies all about her came,

To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,

Unto her then did mildly say,

The time is come that we must part,

15

My honour calls me hence away;

Yet in my absence, dearest, be

My constant wife, Penelope.

Let

Let me no longer live, ſhe ſayd,  
 Then to my lord I true remain;  
 My honour ſhall not be betray'd  
 Until I ſee my love again:  
 For ever I will conſtant prove,  
 As is the loyal turtle-dove.

20

Thus did they part with heavy chear,  
 And to the ſhips his way he took;  
 Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,  
 Still caſting many a longing look:  
 She ſaw him on the ſurges glide,  
 And unto Neptune thus ſhe cry'd.

25

30

Thou god, whoſe power is in the deep,  
 And ruleſt in the ocean main,  
 My loving lord in ſafety keep  
 Till he return to me again:  
 That I his perſon may behold,  
 To me more precious far than gold.

35

Then ſtraight the ſhips with nimble ſails  
 Were all convey'd out of her fight;  
 Her cruel fate ſhe then bewails,  
 Since ſhe had loſt her hearts delight:  
 Now ſhall my practice be, quoth ſhe,  
 True vertue and humility.

40

My patience I will put in ure,  
 My charity I will extend;  
 Since for my woe there is no cure,  
 The helpleſs now I will befriend:  
 The widow and the fatherleſs,  
 I will relieve, when in diſtreſs.

45

P 5

Thus

Thus she continued year by year  
In doing good to every one ;  
Her fame was noised every where,  
To young and old the fame was known ;  
No company that she would mind,  
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulyffes fought for fame , 55  
 'Mongft Trojans hazarding his life :  
 Young gallants , hearing of her name ,  
 Came flocking for to tempt his wife ;  
 For ſhe was lovely , young , and fair ,  
 No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
They did endeavour her to win;  
With banquets, and the choicest wine,  
For to allure her unto sin:  
Most persons were of high degree,  
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,  
 Their wanton suits she did denye;  
 No tempting charms could e'er deface  
 Her dearest husband's memorye;  
 But constant she would still remain,  
 Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her daily comfort was,  
And that she often did peruse;  
She seldom looked in her glass;  
Powder and paint she ne'er would use,  
I wish all ladies were as free  
From pride, as was Penelope.

## She



She in her needle took delight,  
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel;  
 Her maids about her every night  
 Did use the distaff, and the reel:  
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

30

Sometimes she would bewail the loss  
 And absence of her dearest love:  
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,  
 Her fortune on the waves to prove:  
 I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,  
 He stays so from Penelope.

35

90

At length the ten years siege of Troy  
 Did end; in flames the city burn'd;  
 And to the Grecians was great joy,  
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd:  
 Then came Ulysses home to see  
 His constant, dear, Penelope.

95

O blame her not, if she was glad,  
 When she her lord again had seen.  
 Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,  
 A long time absent thou hast been:  
 The wars shall never more deprive  
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

100

Fair ladies all example take;  
 And hence a worthy lesson learn,  
 All youthful follies to forsake,  
 And vice from virtue to discern:  
 And let all women strive to be,  
 As constant as Penelope.

105

X.

## X.

## TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

*By Col. Richard Lovelace: from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, "Lucasta, Lond. 1649. 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired, if it had somewhat more of simplicity.*

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
     That from the nunnerie  
 O thy chaste breast, and quiet minde,  
     To warre and armes I flie.

True; a new mistresse now I chafe,  
     The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stronger faith imbrace  
     A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
     As you too shall adore;  
 I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
     Lov'd I not honour more.

## XI.

## VALENTINE AND URSINE.

*It would be in vain to put off this ballad for ancient, nor yet is it altogether modern. The original is an old MS. poem in the Editor's possession; which being in a wretched corrupt state, the subject was thought worthy of some embellishments.*

*The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in.*

in it) is originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "*Le Bibliotheque de Romans*, &c."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells, is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the *Seven Champions*. The original lines are.

" Over the dyke a bridge there lay,  
 " That man and beest might passe away:  
 " Under the brydge were sixty belles;  
 " Right as the Romans telles;  
 " That there might no man passe in,  
 " But all they rang with a gyn."

Sign. E. iv.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields  
 With colours fresh and fine,  
 Then holy clerkes their mattins sing  
 To good Saint Valentine!

The king of France that morning fair  
 He would a hunting ride:  
 To Artois forest prancing forth  
 In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train  
 Of gallant peers attend;  
 And with their loud and cheerful cries  
 The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,  
 Through woods and thickets wild;  
 When down within a lonely dell  
 They found a new-born child:

All

## 242 A N C I E N T S O N G S

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd  
 Of filk so fine and thin:  
 A golden mantle wrapt him round  
 Pinn'd with a silver pin.

20

The sudden fight surpriz'd them all;  
 The courtiers gather'd round;  
 They look, they call, the mother seek;  
 No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,  
 And as he gazing stands,  
 The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,  
 And stretch'd his little hands.

25

Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,  
 This child is passing fair:  
 I wot he is of gentle blood;  
 Perhaps some prince's heir.

30

Goe bear him home unto my court  
 With all the care ye may:  
 Let him be christen'd Valentine,  
 In honour of this day:

35

And look me out some cunning nurse;  
 Well nurtur'd let him bee;  
 Nor ought be wanting that becomes  
 A bairn of high degree.

40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;  
 And nurtur'd well was hee;  
 Nor ought was wanting that became  
 A bairn of high degree.

Thus

# AND BALLADS. 243

Thus grewe the little Valentine 45  
 Belov'd of king and peers;  
 And fhew'd in all he fpake or did  
 A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms  
 He did himfelf advance, 50  
 That ere he grewe to man's eftate  
 He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began  
 To fhade his youthful chin;  
 When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, 55  
 That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,  
 I beg a boon of thee!  
 The first adventure, that befalls,  
 May be referv'd for me. 60

The first adventure fhall be thine;  
 The king did fmiling fay.  
 Nor many days, when lo! there came  
 Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping fay'd;  
 And knelt as it was meet:  
 From Artoys foreft we be come,  
 With weak and wearye feet. 65

Within thofe deep and drearye woods  
 There wends a favage boy; 70  
 Whofe fierce and mortal rage doth yield  
 Thy fubjects dire annoy.

'Mong

## 244    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;  
 He lurks within their den:  
 With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,                    75  
 And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins  
 A more than human skill:  
 For arms, no cunning may suffice  
 His cruel rage to still.    80

Up then rose fir Valentine,  
 And claim'd that arduous deed.  
 Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,  
 And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,                    85  
 His armour white as snow;  
 As well befeem'd a virgin knight,  
 Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs  
 With all the haste he may:                                    90  
 And soon he spies the savage youth  
 A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung  
 His shaggy shoulders round:  
 His eager eye all fiery glow'd:                            95  
 His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:  
 His limbs were thick and strong;  
 And dreadful was the knotted oak  
 He bare with him along.                                    100

Soon

Soon as fir Valentine approach'd,  
He starts with sudden springs;  
And yelling forth a hideous howl,  
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell  
Hath spyed a passing roe,  
And leaps at once upon his throat;  
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force  
The gentle knight to seize;  
But met his tall uplifted spear,  
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern  
Had laid the savage low;  
But springing up, he rais'd his club,  
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,  
And shun'd the coming stroke;  
Upon his taper spear it fell,  
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his seat,  
He drew his burnisht brand;  
The savage quick as lightning flew  
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;  
Three times he felt the blade;  
Three times it fell with furious force;  
Three ghastly wounds it made.

## 216 ANCIENT SONGS

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;  
 His eye - ball flash'd with fire;  
 Each hairy limb with fury shook;  
 And all his heart was ire. 130

Then closing fast with furious gripe  
 He clasp'd the champion round,  
 And with a strong and sudden twift  
 He laid him on the ground. 135

But soon the knight with active spring,  
 O'erturn'd his hairy foe:  
 And now between their sturdy fists  
 Past many a bruising blow. 140

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,  
 And there they struggled long:  
 Skilful and active was the knight;  
 The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength  
 To art and skill must yield:  
 Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,  
 And won the well-fought field. 145

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe  
 Fast with an iron chain,  
 He tyes him to his horse's tail,  
 And leads him o'er the plain. 150

To court his hairy captive soon  
 Sir Valentine doth bring;  
 And kneeling downe upon his knee,  
 Presents him to the king. 155

With



With los of blood and los of strength,  
 The savage tamer grew;  
 And to fir Valentine became  
 A servant try'd and true.

160

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,  
 Urfine they call his name:  
 A name which unto future times  
 The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

**I**N high renown with prince and peere  
 Now liv'd fir Valentine:  
 His high renown with prince and peere  
 Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day  
 Prepar'd a sumptuous feast;  
 And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
 And many a noble guest.

5

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,  
 Their revelry, and mirth;  
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine  
 Of base and doubtful birth.

10

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,  
 His generous heart did wound:  
 And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest  
 Till he his parents found.

15

Q 2

Then

# 248    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

Then biddind king and peers adien,  
 Early one summer's day,  
 With faithful Urfine by his fide,  
 From court he takes his way. 20

O'er hill and valley, mofs and moor,  
 For many a day they pafs;  
 At length upon a moated lake,  
 They found a bridge of brafs.

Beyond it rofe a caſtle fair 25  
 Y-built of marble ſtone;  
 The battlements were gilt with gold,  
 And glittred in the fun.

Beneath the bridge, with ſtrange device,  
 A hundred bells were hung; 30  
 That man, nor beaſt, might paſs thereon,  
 But ſtrait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,  
 Who boldly croſſing o'er,  
 The jangling found bedeaft their ears, 35  
 And rung from ſhore to ſhore.

Quick at the found the caſtle gates  
 Unlock'd and opened wide,  
 And ſtrait a gyant huge and grim  
 Stalk'd forth with ſtately ſtride. 40

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;  
 He cried with hideous roar;  
 Or elſe the wolves ſhall eat your fleſh,  
 And ravens drink your gore.

Vain

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight, 45

I scorn thy threats and thee:

I trust to force thy brazen gates,

And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,

He aim'd a dreadful thrust;

50

The spear against the gyant glanc'd,

And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,

He whirl'd his mace of steel:

The very wind of such a blow

55

Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight

His glittering sword display'd,

And riding round with whirlwind speed

Oft made him feel the blade.

60

As when a large and monstrous oak

Unceasing axes hew:

So fast around the gyant's limbs

The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall

65

Some hapless woodman crush:

With such a force the enormous foe

Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,

Both horse and knight it took,

70

And laid them senseless in the dust;

So fatal was the stroke.

## 250 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,  
The gyant strides in haste;  
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:  
Now caytiff breathe thy last! 75

But ere it fell, two thundering blows  
Upon his scull descend:  
From Urfine's knotty club they came,  
Who ran to save his friend. 80

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,  
And rolling his grim eyes:  
The hairy youth repeats his blows:  
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly fir Valentine reviv'd  
With Urfine's timely care:  
And now to search the castle walls  
The venturous youths repair. 85

The blood and bones of murder'd knights  
They found where'er they came:  
At length within a lonely cell  
They saw a mournful dame. 90

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;  
Her cheeks were pale with woe:  
And long fir Valentine besought  
Her doleful tale to know. 95

" Alas! young knight, she weeping said,  
" Condole my wretched fate:  
" A childless mother here you see;  
" A wife without a mate. 100

" These

" These twenty winters here forlorn  
 " I've drawn my hated breath ;  
 " Sole witness of a monster's crimes ,  
 " And wishing aye for death.

" Know , I am sister of a king ; 105  
 " And in my early years  
 " Was married to a mighty prince ,  
 " The fairest of his peers.

" With him I sweetly liv'd in love 110  
 " A twelvemonth and a day ;  
 " When, lo ! a foul and treacherous priest  
 " Y-wrought our loves' decay.

" His seeming goodness wan him pow'r ;  
 " He had his master's ear :  
 " And long to me and all the world 115  
 " He did a faint appear.

" One day , when we were all alone ,  
 " He proffer'd odious love :  
 " The wretch with horror I repuls'd ,  
 " And from my presence drove. 120

" He feign'd remorse , and piteous beg'd  
 " His crime I'd not reveal ;  
 " Which, won by's seeming penitence ,  
 " I promis'd to conceal.

" With treason , villainy , and wrong 125  
 " My goodness he repay'd :  
 " With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord ,  
 " And me to woe betray'd.

## 252 A N C I E N T S O N G S

" He hid a flave within my bed ,

" Then rais'd a bitter cry :

" My lord , posselt with rage , condemn'd

" Me , all unheard , to dye.

130

" But 'cause I then was great with child ,

" At length my life he spar'd :

" But bade me instant quit the realme ,

" One trusty knight my guard.

135

" Forth on my journey I depart ,

" Opprest with grief and woe ;

" And tow'rds my brother's distant court ,

" With breaking heart , I goe.

140

" Long time thro' sundry foreign lands

" We flowly pace along :

" At length within a forest wild

" I fell in labour strong.

" And while the knight for succour fought ,

" And left me there forlorn ,

" My childbed pains so fast increast

" Two lovely boys were born.

145

" The eldest fair , and smooth , as snow

" That tips the mountain hoar :

" The younger's little body rough

" With hairs was cover'd o'er.

150

" But here afresh begin my woes :

" While tender care I took

" To shield my eldest from the cold ,

" And wrap him in my cloak ;

155

" A

" A prowling bear burst from the wood ,  
 " And seiz'd my younger son :  
 " Affection lent my weakness wings ,  
 " And after them I run. 160

" But all forewearied , weak and spent ,  
 " I quickly swoon'd away :  
 " And there beneath the greenwood shade  
 " Longtime I lifeless lay.

" At length the knight brought me relief , 165  
 " And rais'd me from the ground :  
 " But neither of my pretty babes  
 " Could ever more be found.

" And , while in search we wander'd far ,  
 " We met that gyant grim : 170  
 " Who ruthless slew my trusty knight ,  
 " And bare me off with him.

" But charm'd , by heav'n , or else my griefs ,  
 " He offer'd me no wrong :  
 " Save that within these lonely walls 175  
 " I've been immur'd so long . ,

Now , surely , said the youthful knight ,  
 Ye are lady Bellifance ,  
 Wife to the Grecian emperor ;  
 Your brother's king of France. 180

For in your royal brother's court  
 Myself my breeding had ;  
 Where oft the story of your woes  
 Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,  
And dying own'd his crime :  
And long, your lord hath sought you out  
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn  
Of his much-wronged wife ,  
He vow'd thenceforth within his court  
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said;  
And dropt a joyful tear:  
Shall I once more behold my lord?  
That lord I love so dear?

But, madam, said fir Valentine,  
And knelt upon his knee;  
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,  
If you the same should see?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,  
In which himself was found;  
The lady gave a sudden shriek,  
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205  
His tale she heard anon :  
And soon by other tokens found,  
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth ? the said ;  
He much resembles thee : 210  
The bear devour'd my younger son ,  
Or sure that son were he.

**Madam,**



Madam, this youth with beares was bred,  
And rear'd within their den.

But recollect ye any mark  
To know your son agen? 215

Upon his little side, quoth she,  
Was stamp't a bloody rose.

Here, lady, see the crimson mark  
Upon his body grows! 220

Then clasping both her new-found sons,  
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;  
And soon towards her brother's court  
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,  
His sister thus restor'd;  
And soon a messenger was sent  
To cheer her drooping lord: 225

Who came in haste with all his peers,  
To fetch her home to Greece : 230  
Where many happy years they reign'd  
In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Urfine did succeed,  
And long the scepter bare.  
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France, 235  
And was his uncle's heir.

\* \* \*



## XII.

## THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

*This humorous song (as a former Editor \* has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind: — a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But altho' the satire is thus general; the subject of this ballad seems local and peculiar: so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the particular facts to which they allude. These we have in vain endeavoured to recover; and are therefore obliged to acquiesce in the common account; namely, that this ballad alludes to a contest at law between an overgrown Yorkshire attorney and a neighbouring gentleman. The former, it seems, had stript three orphans of their inheritance, and by his incroachments and rapaciousness was become a nuisance to the whole country; when the latter generously espoused the cause of the oppressed, and gained a complete victory over his antagonist, who with meer spite and vexation broke his heart.*

*In handling this subject the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon † — his outrages — the people flying to the knight for succour — his care in chusing his armour — his being drest for fight by a young damsell — and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry whether in prose or verse.*

*If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhiming legend of sir Bevis.*

\* Collection, 3 vol. 1727.

† See above pag. 90. & p. 188.

*wis.* There a DRAGON is attacked from a WELL in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad :

*There was a well, so have I wynde,  
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.*

\* \* \*

*Than was he glad without fayle,  
And rested a while for his awayle;  
And dranke of that water his fyll;  
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,  
And with Morglay his brande,  
He assayled the dragon, I understande:  
On the dragon he smote so faste,  
Where that he hit the scales braste:  
The dragon then faynted sore,  
And cast a galon and more  
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,  
And on syr Bevis he it slong:  
It was venymous y-wis.*

This seems to be meant by the dragon of Wantley's skink, ver. 110. As the politick knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon &c. seems evidently to allude to the following,

*Bevis blessed himsele, and forth yode,  
And lepte out with haste full good;  
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;  
And the dragon also to Bevis,  
Longe, and harde was that fyght  
Betwene the dragon, and that knyght:  
But ever whan syr Bevis was hurt sore,  
He went to the well, and washed him there;  
He was as hole as any man,  
Ever freshe as whan he began:*

*The*

The dragon sawe it might not awayle  
 Besyde the well to hold datayle;  
 He thought he would, wyth some wyle,  
 Out of that place Bevis begyle;  
 He woulde have flowne then awaye,  
 But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,  
 And hyt him under the mynge,  
 As he was in his flyenge &c.

*Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.*

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only thro' the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his *Faery Queen*. At least some particulars in the description of the dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter, See Book, I. Canto II. where the dragon's two wynges like sayls — huge long sayl — “with stings — his cruel-rending clawes — and yron teeth — his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur,” — and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; tho' it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of Romance.

The following ballad appears to have been written late in the last century: at least we have met with none but modern copies; the text is given from one in Roman letter in the Pepys collection, collated with two or three others.

**O**LD stories tell, how Hercules

A dragon flew at Lerna,

With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,

To see and well discern-a :

But he had a club, this dragon to drub,

Or he had ne're don't, I warrant ye :

But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,

He flew the dragon of Wantley.

This

This dragon had two furious wings,  
Each one upon each shoulder; 10

With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,  
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws  
Four and forty teeth of iron;

With a hide as tough, as any buff, 15  
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse  
Held seventy men in his belly?

This dragon was not quite so big,  
But very near, I'll tell ye. 20

Devoured he, poor children three,  
That could not with him grapple;

And at one sup, he eat them up, 25  
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat, 30  
Some say he did eat up trees,

And that the forests sure he would  
Devour up by degrees:

For houses and churches, were to him geese and turkies;  
He eat all, and left none behind, 35

But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,  
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham.

The place I know it well;

Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35  
I vow I cannot tell;

But

---

*Ver. 29. were to him gorse and birches. Other Copies.*

## 260 A N C I E N T S O N G S

But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,  
And Matthew's house hard by it;  
O there and then, was this dragon's den,  
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;  
Some say, he was a devil;  
For from his nose a smoke arose,  
And with it burning snivel;  
Which he cast off, when he did cough,  
In a well that he did stand by;  
Which made it look, just like a brook  
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,  
Of whom all towns did ring;  
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,  
cuff and huff,  
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:  
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain  
He swung a horse till he was dead;  
And that which is stranger, he for very anger  
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;  
Men, women, girls and boys,  
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,  
And made a hideous noise:  
O save us all, More of More-Hall,  
Thou peerless knight of these woods;  
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,  
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut,

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want; 65

But I want, I want in footh,

22 A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, and keen,

And smiles about the mouth;

Hair black as floe, skin white as snow,

With blufhes her cheeks adorning; 70

To 'noynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight;

And to drefs me in the morning.

col

This being done he did engage

To hew the dragon down;

But first he went, new armour to 75

Bespeak at Sheffield town;

With spikes all about, not within but without,

Of steel so sharp and strong;

22 Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er

Some five or six inches long. 80

Had you but seen him in this drefs,

col How fierce he look'd and how high

You would have thought him for to be

Some Egyptian porcupine;

He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all, 85

Each cow, each horse, and each hog:

For fear they did flee, for they took him to be

Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

221

To see this sight, all people then

Got up on trees and houses, 90

On churches some, and chimneys too;

col

But these put on their trowles,

Vol. III.

R

Not

# 262 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Not to spoil their hofe. As foon as he rofe,  
To make him ftrong and mighty,  
He drank by the tale, fix pots of ale, 95  
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not ftrength that always wins,  
For wit doth ftrength excel;  
Which made our cunning champion  
Creep down into a well; 100  
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,  
And fo he did in truth;  
And as he ftoop'd low, he rofe up and cry'd, boh!  
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out, 105  
Thou disturb'ft me in my drink:  
And then he turn'd, and . . . at him;  
Good lack how he did fink!

Befhrew thy foul, thy body's foul,  
Thy dung smells not like balfam; 110  
Thou fon of a whore, thou fink'ft fo fore,  
Sure thy diet is unwholfome.

Our politick knight, on the other fide,  
Crept out upon the brink,  
And gave the dragon fuch a doulfe, 115  
He knew not what to think:

By cock, quoth he, fay you fo: do you fee?  
And then at him he let fly  
With hand and with foot, and fo they went to'to  
And the word it was, hey boys, hey! 120

My Joy  
Your



Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand:

Then to it they fell at all,

Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may

Compare great things with small.

Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125

Our champion on the ground;

Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,

They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,

The dragon gave him a knock, 130

Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,

To lift him as high as a rock,

And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,

Like a valiant son of Mars,

As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135

And hit him a kick on the . . .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,

And turn'd six times together,

Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,

Out of his throat of leather; 140

More of More-Hall! O thou rascal!

Would I had seen thee never;

With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my . . . gut,

And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd, 145

Alack, alack, for grief;

Had you but mist that place, you could

Have done me no mischief.

R 2

Then

Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,  
 And down he laid and cry'd;  
 First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,  
 So groan'd, kickt, . . . . and dy'd.

150

## XIII.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

## THE FIRST PART.

*As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts; so frequent in many of them.*

*This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the SECOND PART.*

**W**HY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,  
 Knowing 'well' how many men have endured  
 fightes?

For besides king Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,  
 Or Sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies sake;  
 Read in old histories, - and there you shall see  
 How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckned Lot  
 Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:  
 David,

David, was elected a prophet and a king,  
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:  
Yet these were not knightes of the table round;  
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did confound.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,  
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to flight:

Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;  
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an asse  
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty spoyle.

And St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarches it were too long to tell,  
And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell;  
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fiede did fighte:  
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:  
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:  
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanishe king,  
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did bring:  
For he had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he  
did begin,  
Which fought adventures farre and neare, that conquest they might win:

## 266 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The rankes of the Pagans he oftē put to flight.  
 But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine:  
 Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:  
 Rowland of Beame, and good 'fir' Olivere  
 In the forest of Acon flew both wolfe and beare:  
 Besides that noble Hollander, 'fir' Goward with the bill.  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood [did] spill.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood:  
 Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:  
 The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:  
 Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:  
 These were all French knightes that lived in that age.  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.  
 St. George he was for England: St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Ascupart, and after flew the boare,  
 And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the  
 moore:  
 Sir Menbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most  
 bold;  
 And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told:  
 There were many English knights that Pagans did con-  
 vert.  
 But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,  
The infidels and pagans stoutly did defie;  
He flew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death  
Of that most gaffly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore  
heath:

Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas.  
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Coeur-de-lion erst king of this land,  
He the lion gored with his naked hand \*:  
The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare;  
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare:  
Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande.  
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.  
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,  
And quartered their arms, his honour to advance:  
He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,  
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:  
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came.  
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.  
St. George he was for England: St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance;  
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:

R 4

St.

---

\* Alluding to the fabulous Exploits attributed to this King  
in the Old Romances.

St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges horse,  
 Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:  
 For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine,  
 But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*,

## XIV.

## ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

## THE SECOND PART.

— was written about the end of the last century by JOHN GRUBB M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. All that we can learn concerning this facetious writer is contained in a few extracts from the university Register; by which it appears that he was matriculated in 1667, aged 20 years, being the son of John Grubb “de Acton Burnel in Comitatu Salop. “pauperis.” He took his degree of Batchelor of Arts, Jun. 7, 1671. And became Master of Arts Jun. 28, 1675. He was still living in Oxford, when a celebrated wit \* wrote the following Distich:

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,  
 Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey,  
 Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe,) Dr. Stubbes, our Poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the Poetry Professor, Dr. Edw. Young the poet, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel Esq; and Dr. Evans the Epigrammatist.

The Editor has never met with any two copies of the following ballad in which the stanzas were ranged alike, he has there-

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\* The author of *Psyche* in *Dodsley's Miscel.* Vol. 3.

therefore thrown them into what seemed to him the most natural order. The verses were originally written in long lines as Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them.

# THE story of king Arthur

Is very memorable,

The number of his valiant knights,

And roundness of his table:

The knights around his table in

A circle sate, d' ye see;

And altogether made up one

Large hoop of chivalry.

He had a sword, both broad and sharp,

Y-cleped Caliburn,

Would cut a flint more easily,

Than pen-knife cuts a corn;

As case-knife does a capon carve,

So would it carve a rock,

And split a man at single flash,

From noddle down to nock.

He was the cream of Brecknock,

And flower of all the Welfh;

But George he did the dragon fell,

And gave him a plaguy squelfh.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,

Was fed with milk of goat;

And like him made a noble shield

Of she-goat's shaggy coat:

R 5

On

# 270 ANCIENT SONGS

On top of burnisht helmet he  
 Did wear a crest of leeks;  
 And onions' heads, with dreadful nods,  
 Drew tears down hostile cheeks. 30  
 Itch, and Welfh blood did make him hot,  
 And very prone to ire;  
 H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,  
 And would as soon take fire:  
 As brimstone he took inwardly 35  
 When scurf gave him occasion.  
 His postern puff of wind was a  
 Sulphureous exhalation.  
 The Briton never tergivers'd,  
 But was for adverse drubbing, 40  
 And never turn'd his back for aught,  
 But to a post for scrubbing.  
 His sword would serve for battle, or  
 For dinner, if you please;  
 When it had slain a Cheshire man, 45  
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.  
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,  
 Did anabaptize Pagans.  
 But George he made the dragon an  
 Example to all dragons. 50  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,  
 Challeng'd a gyant savage;  
 And streight came out the unweildy lout 55  
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage:  
 He had a phiz of latitude,  
 And was full thick i' th' middle;

The



The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,  
 And paunch of squire Beadle.\* 60  
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak,  
 And did upon his back tread;  
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,  
 And Atropus his packthread.  
 Besides he fought with a dun cow, 65  
 As say the poets witty,  
 A dreadfull dun, and horned too,  
 Like dun of Oxford city:  
 The fervent dog-days made her mad,  
 By causing heat of weather, 70  
 Syrius and Procyon baited her,  
 As bull-dogs did her father:  
 Grafiers, nor butchers this fell beast,  
 E'er of her frolick kindred:  
 John Dorset\*\* she'd knock down as flat, 75  
 As John knocks down her kindred;  
 Her heels would lay ye all along,  
 And kick into a swoon;  
 Frewin's\*\*\* cow-heels keep up your corpse,  
 But hers would beat you down: 80  
 She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,  
 And proud was of the honour;  
 Was pufft by mauling butchers fo,  
 As if themselves had blown her;

At

---

\* Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

\*\* A butcher at Oxford.

\*\*\* A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe.

- At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy, 85  
 But all that would not fright him;  
 Who waved his whinyard o'er his loyn,  
 As if he'd gone to knight him;  
 He let her blood, her frenzy to cure,  
 And eke he did her gall-rip; 90  
 His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,  
 Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib;  
 He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,  
 Instead of arch triumphal;  
 But George hit th' dragon such a pelt, 95  
 As made him on his bum fall.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*  
 Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,  
 The Turkish squadrons slew; 100  
 And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,  
 With half-moon made of yew;  
 His trusty bow proud Turks did gall,  
 With showers of arrows thick,  
 And bow-strings, without throttling, sent 105  
 Grand-Vissers to old Nick;  
 Much turbants, and much Pagan pates  
 He made to humble in dust,  
 And heads of Saracens he fixt  
 On spears, as on a sign-post: 110  
 He coop'd in cage grim Bajazet,  
 Prop of Mahomet's religion,  
 As if he had been the whispering bird,  
 That prompted him; the pidgeon.  
 In Turkey-leather scabbard, he 115  
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant.

But

But George he swunged the dragon's tail, H 1300

And cut off every inch on't. H 1301

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* H 1302

The amazon Thalefris H 1303

Was beautiful, and bold; H 1304

She feared her breasts with iron hot, H 1305

And bang'd her toes with cold: H 1306

Her hand was like the tool, wherewith H 1307

Jove keeps proud mortals under; H 1308

It shone just like his lightning, H 1309

And batter'd like his thunder: H 1310

Her eye darts lightning, that would blast H 1311

The proudest he, that swagger'd, H 1312

And melt the rapier of his soul, H 1313

In its corporeal scabbard. H 1314

Her beauty, and her drum to foes H 1315

Did cause amazement double; H 1316

As timorous larks amazed are H 1317

With light, and with a low-bell: H 1318

With beauty, and that lapland-charm; H 1319

Poor men she did bewitch-all; H 1320

Still a blind whining lover had, H 1321

As Pallas had her scorch-owl. H 1322

She kept the chastness of a nun H 1323

In armour, as in cloyster. H 1324

But George undid the dragon just H 1325

As you'd undo an oyster. H 1326

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* H 1327

Great

\* Her drum.

## 274 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Great Hercules, the offspring  
 Of Jove, and fair Alcmena:  
 One part of him celestial was,  
 The other part terrene. 150  
 To scale the walls of's cradle  
 Two fiery snakes combin'd,  
 And, just like unto swaddling cloaths,  
 About the infant twin'd:  
 But he put out these dragons' fires, 155  
 And did their hissing stop;  
 As red-hot iron with hissing noise  
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.  
 He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down  
 The harness of new-comers; 160  
 And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame,  
 As Tom Wrench \* does cucumbers;  
 He made a river help him through;  
 Alpheus was under groom;  
 The stream, grumbling at office mean, 165  
 Run murmuring thro' the room:  
 This liquid offer to prevent  
 Being tired with that long work,  
 His father Neptune's trident took,  
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork. 170  
 This Hercules, as soldier, and  
 As spinster, could take pains;  
 His club it sometimes would spin flax,  
 And sometimes knock out brains:  
 H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift, 175  
 By Juno's wrath and her spite;  
 Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,  
 As cooks whip barking turn-spit.

From

---

\* Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.

From man, or chum he will know how  
 To get him lasting fame in zelon's hill; 180  
 He'd batte a giant, till the blood was  
 And milk to butter came; 181  
 Often he fought with huge battoon,  
 And oftentimes he boxed;  
 Tapt a fresh monster once a month, 185  
 As Hervey \* doth fresh hog-heads  
 To stiff Antæus he gave a nag,  
 Such as folks give in 'Cornwalk  
 But George he did the dragon kill,  
 As dead as any door-nail. 190  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*  
 The Gemini, sprung from an egg,  
 Were put into a cradle:  
 Their brains with knocks and bottled ale, 195  
 Were often-times full saddle:  
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,  
 That Hurl the bolt trifurcate,  
 With helmet-shell on tender head,  
 Did buffle with red-ey'd pole-cat. 200  
 Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'  
 A boxer was, I wist:  
 The one was fam'd for iron heel;  
 Th' other for leaden fist.  
 Pollux to shew he was a god, 205  
 When he was in a passion,  
 With fist made noses fall down flat,  
 By way of adoration:

This

\* A noted Alehouse-keeper at Oxford.

This fifty years last French disease,  
 208 Demolish'd noses' ridges, 210  
 He like a certain old man, was fam'd  
 For breaking down of bridges,  
 Castor the flame of fiery steel,  
 With well-spur'd boots took down  
 211 As men, with leathern buckets, do 215  
 Quench fire in country town.  
 His famous horse, that liv'd on oats  
 Is sung on otten quill;  
 By bards' immortal provender,  
 209 The nag surviveth still 220  
 This brood of eggs on none but rogues  
 Employ'd their whole artillery,  
 And flew as naturally at brogues,  
 As eggs at knaver's pillory,  
 Much sweat they spent in furious fight, 225  
 212 Much blood they did affund;  
 Their whites they vented thro' the pores,  
 Their guts like thro' gaping wound,  
 Then both were slain, from blood and dust  
 To make a heavenly sign 230  
 202 The lads, just like their armour, were  
 Scowr'd and hang'd up to shine,  
 Such were the heavenly double-dicks,  
 The sons of Jove and Tandar,  
 But George he cut the dragon up, 235  
 203 As 't had bin duck on windar.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*,  
 ; notations to saw Gorgon

211T

\* Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at  
 the beginning of the Revolution.

Gorgon a twisted adder wore  
For knot upon her shoulder : 240

She kemb'd her hissing periwig,  
And curling snakes did powder.

These snakes they made stiff changelings  
Of all the folks they hilt on ;

They turned barbers into hones , 245  
And masons into free-stone :

Sworded magnetic Amazon

Her shield to load-stone changes ;  
Then amorous sword by magic belt,  
Clung fast unto her haunches. 250

This shield long village did protect ,  
And kept the army from-town ,  
And chang'd the bullies into rocks ,  
That came t' invade Long-compton \*.

She post-diluvian stone ummans , 255

And Pyrrha's work unravels ;  
And stares Deucalion's hardy boys  
Into their primitive pebbles.

Red noses she to rubies turns ,  
And noddles into bricks. 260

But George made dragon laxative ;  
And gave him a bloody flix.

St. George he was for England : St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager 265

Acquir'd a lasting name ,  
And out of haunch of basted swine ,  
He hew'd eternal fame.

VOL. III.

S

This

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\* See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist. of Oxfordshire.

# 278    A N C I E N T   S O N G S

- This beast each hero's trouzers ript,  
 And rudely shew'd his bare-breech, 270  
 Prickt but the wem, and out there came  
 Heroic guts and garbadge.  
 Legs were secur'd by iron bolts  
 No more, than peas by peascods;  
 Brafs helmets, with inclosed skulls, 275  
 Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.  
 His tawny hairs erected were  
 By rage, that was resistless;  
 And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,  
 Did stiffen his rising bristles. 280  
 His tusks lay'd dogs to sleep, that whip  
 Nor bugle-horn cou'd wake 'um:  
 It made them vent both their last blood,  
 And their last albúm-grecum.  
 But the knight gor'd him with his spear, 285  
 To make of him a tame one,  
 And arrows thick, instead of cloves,  
 He stuck in monster's gammon.  
 For monumental pillar, that  
 His victory might be known, 290  
 He rais'd up, in cylindric form,  
 A collar of the brawn.  
 He sent his fshade to fshades below,  
 In Stygian mud to wallow:  
 And eke the stout St. George eftsoon, 295  
 He made the dragon follow.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.  
  
 Achilles of old Chiron learnt  
 The great horse for to ride; 300  
H'



H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,  
 The hinnible to bestride.  
 Bright silver feet, and shining face  
 Had this stout hero's mother;  
 As rapier's silver'd at one end, 305  
 And wounds us at the other.  
 Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,  
 As hawk pursuing sparrow:  
 Her's had the metal, his the speed  
 Of Barfoot's \* silver arrow. 310  
 Thetis to double pedagogue  
 Commits her dearest boy;  
 Who bred him from a slender twig  
 To be the scourge of Troy:  
 But ere he laſht the Trojans, h' was 315  
 In Stygian waters ſteep;  
 As birch is ſoaked firſt in piſs,  
 When boys are to be whipt.  
 With ſkin exceeding hard, he roſe  
 From lake, as black and muddy, 320  
 As lobſters from the ocean riſe,  
 With ſhell about their body:  
 And, as from lobſter's broken claw,  
 Pick out the fiſh you might:  
 So might you from one unſhell'd heel 325  
 Dig pieces of the knight.  
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns  
 And hen-rooſts, ſays the ſong;  
 Carried away both corn and eggs,  
 Like ants from whence they ſprung. 330

S 2

Himſelf

---

\* A famous letter-carrier at Oxford: ſee his picture there.

## 280 ANCIENT SONGS

Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,  
 And sent him down bare - breech'd  
 To pedant Radamanthus, in  
 A posture to be switch'd.  
 But George he made the dragon look, 335  
 As if he had been bewitch'd.  
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was  
 The Carthaginian Hanni- 340  
 bal, him I mean; who gave to them  
 A devilish thump at Cannæ:  
 Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmaure,  
 Stood on the Alpes's front:  
 Their one-eyed guide \*, like blinking mole, 345  
 Bor'd thro' the hindring mount:  
 Who, baffled by the maffy rock,  
 Took vinegar for relief;  
 Like plowmen, when they hew their way  
 Thro' stubborn rump of beef. 350  
 As dancing louts from humid toes  
 Cast atoms of ill favour  
 To blinking Hyatt \*\*, when on vile crowd  
 He merriment does endeavour,  
 And on harmonious timber saws 355  
 A wretched tune to quiver:  
 Just so the Romans stunk at fight  
 OF African carnivor,

The

---

\* Hannibal had but one eye.

\*\* A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles as well as play on them: well-known in Oxford.

The tawny surface of his phiz  
Did serve instead of vizzard. 360

But George he made the dragon have  
A grumbling in his gizzard.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.  
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian, 365  
It must not be forgotten;

Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,  
Freed suppliant veal and mutton.

A squadron of flies errant,  
Against the foe appears; 370

With regiments of buzzing knights,  
And swarms of volunteers:

The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em,  
With animating hum;

And the loud brazen hornet next, 375  
He was their kettle-drum:

The Spanifh don Cantharido  
Did him most sorely pester,

And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight  
Full many a plaguy blister. 380

A bee whipt thro' his button hole,  
As thro' key hole a witch,

And stabb'd him with her little tuck  
Drawn out of scabbard breech:

But the undaunted knight lifts up 385  
An arm so big and brawny,

And slasht her so, that here lay head,  
And there lay bag and honey:

Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,  
As weapon made by Cyclops, 390

And bravely quell'd feditious buz ,

By dint of maffy fly-flops.

Surviving flies do curfes breathe,

And maggots too at Cæfar.

But George he fhav'd the dragon's beard,

395

And Afkelon \* was his razor.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France.

Sing, *Honi foit qui mal y penfe.*

## XV.

## LUCY AND COLIN

— was written by Thomas Tickel , Esq. the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison and editor of his works. He was son of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon , was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs , when successively Secretaries of state ; and was lastly ( in June , 1724. ) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland , which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond written while he was at the University.

OF Leinster , fam'd for maidens fair ,

Bright Lucy was the grace ;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream

Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love , and pining care

5

Impair'd her rosy hue ,

Her coral lip , and damask cheek ,

And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh!

---

\* The name of St. George's sword.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend? 10  
 So droop'd the flow-consuming maid;  
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
 Take heed, ye easy fair:  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows, 15  
 Ye purjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring;  
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
 The raven flap'd his wing. 20

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound;  
 And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
 The virgins weeping round.

" I hear a voice, you cannot hear, 25  
 " Which says, I must not stay:  
 " I see a hand, you cannot see,  
 " Which beckons me away.

" By a false heart, and broken vows,  
 " In early youth I die. 30  
 " Am I to blame, because his bride  
 " Is thrice as rich as I?

" Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;  
 " Vows due to me alone:  
 " Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, 35  
 " Nor think him all thy own.

# 284    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

" To-morrow in the church to wed ,  
 " Impatient, both prepare ;  
 " But know, fond maid, and know, false man ,  
 " That Lucy will be there. 40

" Then bear my corse ; ye comrades , bear ,  
 " The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay ,  
 " In in my winding-sheet. „

She spoke, she dy'd ; — her corse was borne, 45  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay ,  
 She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?  
 How were those nuptials kept ? 50  
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead ,  
 And all the village wept.

Confusion , shame, remorse, despair  
 At once his bosom swell :  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow, 55  
 He shook, he groan'd , he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)  
 The varying crimson fled ,  
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead. 60

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave ,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mould with her, beneath one sod  
 For ever now remains.

Oft

Oft at their grave the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots  
They deck the sacred green.

65

But, fwain forforn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

70

XVI.

MARGARET'S GHOST

— is the elegant production of David Mallet, Esq. who in the last edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the play was suggested by the four verses quoted above in pag. 121, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

“ These lines, says he, naked of ornament and simple, as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.”

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

“ When all was wrapt in dark midnight,

“ And all were fast asleep, &c.

’T WAS at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

S 5

Her

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud:  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

**So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown:  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.**

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,  
 Consum'd her early prime:  
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
 She dy'd before her time.

"Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,  
 "Come from her midnight grave;  
 "Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
 "Thy love refus'd to save.

" This is the dumb and dreary hour ,                                 25  
     " When injur'd ghosts complain ;  
 " Now yawning graves give up their dead ,  
     " To haunt the faithless swain.

" Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 " Thy pledge, and broken oath: 30  
" And



“ And give me back my maiden vow,

“ And give me back my troth.

“ Why did you promise love to me.

“ And not that promise keep ?

“ Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, 35

“ Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“ How could you say my face was fair,

“ And yet that face forsake ?

“ How could you win my virgin heart,

“ Yet leave that heart to break ? 40

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet,

“ And made the scarlet pale ?

“ And why did I, young witlefs maid,

“ Believe the flattering tale ?

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair ; 45

“ These lips no longer red :

“ Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,

“ And every charm is fled.

“ The hungry worm my sifter is ;

“ This winding-sheet I wear : 50

“ And cold and weary lasts our night,

“ Till that last morn appear.

“ But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence !

“ A long and last adieu !

“ Come see, false man, how low she lies, 55

“ Who dy'd for love of you. „

The

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,  
 With beams of rosy red:  
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb  
 And raving left his bed.

60

He hyed him to the fatal place,  
 Where Margaret's body lay;  
 And stretch'd him on the grafs-green turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore:  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

65

## XVII.

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

*Since the former sheets of this volume were printed off, Mr. Warton has published a new edition of his ingenious observations on Spenser, in which he has given his opinion that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled LE COURT MANTEL quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious "Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie." Paris, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance, but he does not appear to have copied*

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*Ver. 57. Now birds did sing, and morning smile,  
 And shew her glittering head. 1st. Ed.*

*piéd it in the manner of execution : to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Memoires) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K. Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscrit. tom. xx. p. 352.*

**I**N Carleile dwelt king Arthur,  
A prince of passing might;  
And there maintain'd his table round,  
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas  
With mirth and princely cheare,  
When, lo! a strange and cunning boy  
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle  
This boy had him upon,  
With brooches, rings, and owches  
Full daintily bedone.

He had a farke of silk  
About his middle meet;  
And thus, with seemely courtesy,  
He did king Arthur greet.

" God speed thee, brave king Arthur,  
" Thus feasting in thy bowre.  
" And Guenever thy goodly queen,  
" That fair and peerlesse flowre.

" Ye

# 296    A N C I E N T    S O N G S

" Ye gallant lords, and lordings,  
 " I wifh you all take heed,  
 " Left, what ye deem a blooming rofe  
 " Should prove a cankred weed.,,

Then ftraitway from his bofome 25  
 A little wand he drew;  
 And with it eke a mantle  
 Of wondrous fhape, and hew.

" Now have thou here, king Arthur,  
 " Have thou here of mee, 30  
 " And give unto thy comely queen,  
 " All-fhappen as you fee.

" No wife it fhall become,  
 " That once hath been to blame.,,  
 Then every knight in Arthurs court 35  
 Slye glaunced at his dame.

And firft came lady Guenever,  
 The mantle fhe muft trye.  
 This dame, fhe was new-fangled  
 And of a roving eye. 40

When fhe had tane the mantle,  
 And all was with it cladde,  
 From top to toe it fhiver'd down,  
 As tho' with fheers befhradde.

One while it was too long, 45  
 Another while too fhort,  
 And wrinkled on her fhoulders  
 In moft unfeemly fort.

Now

Now green, now red it seemed,

Then all of fable hue.

50

" Befhrew me, quoth king Arthur,

" I think thou beest not true. „

Down ſhe threw the mantle,

Ne longer would not ſtay;

But ſtorming like a fury,

55

To her chamber flung away.

She curſt the whoreſon weaver,

That had the mantle wrought:

And doubly curſt the froward impe,

Who thither had it brought.

60

" I had rather live in deſarts

" Beneath the green-wood tree:

" Than here, baſe king, among thy groomes,

" The ſport of them and thee. „

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,

65

And bade her to come near:

" Yet dame, if thou be guilty,

" I pray thee now forbear. „

This lady, pertly gigling,

With forward ſtep came on,

70

And boldly to the little boy

With fearleſs face is gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,

With purpoſe for to wear:

It ſhrunk up to her ſhoulder,

75

And left her b\*\*ſide bare.

Then ,

Then every merry knight,  
 That was in Arthur's court,  
 Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,  
 To see that pleasant sport.

30

Downe she threw the mantle,  
 No longer bold or gay,  
 But with a face all pale and wan,  
 To her chamber flunk away.

Then forth came an old knight.  
 A pattering o'er his creed;  
 And proffer'd to the little boy  
 Five nobles to his meed;

35

" And all the time of Christmase  
 " Plumb-porridge shall be thine,  
 " If thou wilt let my lady fair  
 " Within the mantle shine."

30

A saint his lady seemed,  
 With step demure, and slow,  
 And gravely to the mantle  
 With mincing pace does goe.

95

When she the same had taken,  
 That was so fine and thin,  
 It shrivell'd all about her,  
 And shew'd her dainty skin.

100

Ah! little did HER mincing,  
 Or HIS long prayers bestead;  
 She had no more hung on her,  
 Than a tassel and a thread.

Down

Down she threwe the mantle,  
With terror and difmay,  
And, with a face of scarlet,  
To her chamber hied away. 105

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
And bade her to come neare:  
"Come win this mantle, lady,  
"And do me credit here. 110

"Come win this mantle, lady,  
"For now it fhall be thine,  
"If thou haft never done amifs,  
"Sith firft I made thee mine. 115

The lady gently blufhing,  
With modeft grace came on,  
And now to trye the wondrous charm  
Courageoufly is gone. 120

When fhe had tane the mantle,  
And put it on her backe,  
About the hem it feemed  
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye ftill, fhee cryed, O mantle!  
"And fhame me not for nought,  
"I'll freely own whate'er amifs,  
"Or blamefull I have wrought. 125

"Once I kift fir Cradocke  
"Beneathe the green-wood tree: 130  
"Once I kift fir Cradocke's mouth  
"Before he married mee."

When thus she had her fhtiven,  
 And her worst fault had told,  
 The mantle soon became her  
 Right comely as it fhold.

135

Most rich and fair of colour,  
 Like gold it glittering fhone :  
 And much the knights in Arthur's court  
 Admir'd her every one.

140

Then towards king Arthur's table  
 The boy he turn'd his eye :  
 Where stood a boar's-head garnished  
 With bayes and rofemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head  
 His little wand had drawne,

145

Quoth he, " There's never a cuckold's knife,  
 " Can carve this head of brawne. "

Then some their whittles rubbed  
 On whetstone, and on hone :  
 Some threwe them under the table,  
 And swore that they had none.

150

Sir Cradock had a little knife  
 Of steel and iron made ;  
 And in a instant thro' the skull  
 He thrust the fhining blade.

155

He thrust the fhining blade  
 Full easily and fast :  
 And every knight in Arthurs court  
 A morfel had to tafte.

160

The



The boy brought forth a horne,  
 All golden was the rim:  
 Said he, "No cuckold ever can  
 " Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little horne 165  
 " Lift fairly to his head:  
 " But or on this, or that side,  
 " He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
 Some shed it on their thigh: 170  
 And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
 Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,  
 Was known of every man:  
 But Cradock lifted easily, 175  
 And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle  
 Were this fair couple's meed:  
 And all such constant lovers,  
 God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,  
 And thus could spiteful say,  
 " Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully  
 " Hath borne the prize away.

" See yonder shameless woman, 185  
 " That makes herselfe so clean;  
 " Yet from her pillow taken  
 " Thrice five gallants have been.

T 2

" Priests,

## 296 A N C I E N T S O N G S &c.

" Priests, clarkes and wedded men,

" Have her lewd pillow prest;

190

" Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth

" Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,

Who had the same in hold:

" Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,

195

" Of speech she is too bold:

" Of speech she is too bold,

" Of carriage all too free;

" Sir king, she hath within thy hall

" A cuckold made of thee.

200

" All frolick light and wanton

" She hath her carriage borne:

" And given thee for a kingly crown

" To wear a cuckold's horne."

\* \* *A Friend vericonversant with British Antiquities, just now informs me that the story of the BOY AND THE MANTLE is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS, of Tegarn Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.*

CARLEILE, so often mentioned in the Ballads of K. Arthur, is probably a corruption of CAER-LEON, an ancient British city on the river Uske in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthur's chief residence.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A GLOS.

# A GLOSSARY

## OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE THIRD.

*Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.*

**A.**  
**A**<sup>9</sup>, au. s. *all*.  
 Abye. *suffer, pay for*.  
 Aff. s. *off*.  
 Affore. *before*.  
 Aik. s. *oak*. Aith. s. *oath*.  
 Ane. s. *one*; an, a.  
 Ann. *if*.  
 Astonied. *astonished: stunned*.  
 Auld. s. *old*.  
 Avowe. *vow*.  
 Awa'. s. *away*.  
 Aye. *ever; also, ab! alas!*  
 Azont. s. *beyond*.  
 Azont the ingle. *Beyond the fire. The fires were formerly in the middle of the rooms.*

**B.**  
 Ban. *curse*.  
 Banderolles. *streamers, little flags* \*.  
 Bauld. s. *bold*.  
 Bedeene. *immediately*.  
 Bedone. *wrought, made up*.  
 Beere. s. *bier*.  
 Ben. s. *within, within doors*.  
 Bent. s. *long grass; also, wild fields, where bents, &c. grow*.

Bernes. *barns*.  
 Beseeme. *become*.  
 Beshiadde. *cut into shreds*.  
 Beshrew me! *a lesser form of imprecation*.  
 Blee. *complexion*.  
 Blent. *blended*.  
 Blinkan, blinkand. s. *twinkling, sparkling*.  
 Blinks. s. *twinkles, sparkles*.  
 Blinne. *cease, give over*.  
 Blyth, blithe. *sprightly, joyous*.  
 Blyth. p. 65. *joy, sprightliness*.  
 Bookefman. *clerk, secretary*.  
 Boon. *favour, request, petition*.  
 Bore. *born*.  
 Bower, bowre. *any bowed or arched room; a parlour, chamber; also a dwellin in general*.  
 Bowre - woman. s. *chambermaid*.  
 Brae. s. *the side of a hill, a declivity*.  
 Brakes. *thickets of brambles*.  
 brand. *sword*.  
 Braft. *burst*.  
 Braw. s. *brave*.  
 Brayde. *drewe out, unsheathed*.

T 3

Brenn.

\* But pag. 265. Ver. 8. probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonfus, king of Spain, . . . to wear a red ribband of three fingers breadth." See Ames Typog. p. 327.

Brenn. *s. burn.*

Bridal. *the nuptial feast.*

Brigue. *bridge.*

Britled. *carved.*

Brooches. *ornaments of jewels.*

Brocht. *s. brought.*

Bugle, bugle-horn. *a bunting horn.*

Burn, bourne. *brook.*

Busk. *dress, deck.*

But if. *unless.*

Butt. *s. out, out of doors.*

### C.

Cadgily. *s. merrily, cheerfully.*

Can. *gan, began.*

Caitiff. *a slave.*

Canna. *s. cannot.*

Canty. *s. cheerful, chatty.*

Carle. *a chul, clown.*

Carlifh. *churlifh, discourteous.*

Cau. *s. call.*

Cauld. *s. cold.*

Certes. *certainly.*

Chevaliers. *f. knights.*

Chap. *s. knock.*

Christentie. *Christendome.*

Churl. *clown.*

Church-ale. *a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a church.*

Claihs. *s. cloaths.*

Clead. *s. clothed.*

Cled. *s. clail, clothed.*

Clerks. *clergymen, literati, &c.*

Cliding. *s. cloathing.*

Cold, could. *p. 3. knew.*

Coleyne. *Cologn-steel.*

Con thanks. *give thanks.*

Courtinals. *p. 160.*

Cramasie. *s. crimson.*

Cranion. *skull.*

Crinkle. *run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.*

Crook. *twist, wrinkle, distort.*

Crowt. *to pucker up.*

Cum. *s. come.*

### D.

Dank. *moist, damp.*

Deas, deis. *the high-table in a hall.*

Dealan, deland. *s. dealing.*

Dee. *s. die.*

Deerly. *p. 25. precious, richly.*

Deid. *s. dead.*

Deid-bell. *s. passing bell.*

Dell. *narrow valley.*

Delt. *dealt.*

Descrye, describe. *describe.*

Demains. *demesnes; estate in lands or morney.*

Ding. *knock, beat.*

Din, dinne. *noise, bustle.*

Dight. *decked.*

Difna. *s. doest not.*

Distre. *the horse rode by a knight in the tournament.*

Dolend. *s. drowsy, cold, frozen.*

Doublet. *a man's inner garment; waistcoat.*

Doubt. *fear.*

Doubteous. *doubtful.*

Dropping. *s. dropping.*

Dreiry. *s. dreary.*

Dule. *s. dole, sorrow.*

Dwellan, dwelland. *s. dwelling.*

Dyan, dyand. *s. dying.*

### E.

Earn. *s. to curdle, make cheese.*

Eather. *s. either.*

Ee; een, eyne. *s. eye; eyes.*

Een. *even, evening.*

Effund. *pour forth.*

Eftloon. *in a short time.*

Eir. *s. e'er, ever.*

Enouch. *s. enough.*

Eke. *also.*

Evanifhed. *s. vanished.*

Everiche. *every, each.*

Everychone. *every one.*

Ew-bughts. *s. the folds in which the eps are kept.*

Ezar.

Ezat. s. p. 34. *probably, azure.*

## F.

Fain. *glad, fond, well-pleased.*

Falds. s. *thou foldest.*

Fallan', falland. s. *falling.*

Falser. *a deceiver, hypocrite.*

Fa's. s. *thou fallest.*

Faw'n. s. *falken.*

Faye. *faith.*

Fee. *reward, recompence; also, land.*

Fet. *fetchd.*

Find frost. *find mischance, or disaster.*

Fit. s. *feet.*

Fillan', filland. s. *filling.*

Five teen. *fifteen.*

Flindars. s. *pieces, splinters.*

Flayne s. *flayed.*

Forewearied. *much-wearied.*

Forthy. *therefore.*

Fou', fow. s. *full.*

Furth. *forth.*

Frae. s. *fro: from.*

Fyled, fyling. *defiled, defiling.*

Foregoe. *quit, give up, resign.*

## G.

Gae. s. *gave.*

Gae, gaes. s. *go, goes.*

Gaed, gade. s. *went.*

Gaberlunzie, gaberlunzie. s. *a wallet.*

Gaberlunzie-man. s. *a wallet-man i. e. tinker, beggar, &c.*

Gan. *began.*

Ganc. s. *gone.*

Gang. s. *go.*

Gar. s. *make.*

Gart, garred. s. *made.*

Geid. s. *gave.*

Geir. s. *geer, goods, furniture.*

Gibed. *jeered.*

Gie. s. *give.*

Giff. *if.*

Gin. s. *if.*

Gin, gyn. *engine, contrivance.*

Gins. *begins.*

Gip. p. 128.

Glee. *merriment, joy.*

Glen. s. *a narrow valley.*

Glowr. s. *stare.*

Gloze. *canting, dissimulation, fair outside.*

Good-eens. s. *good evens.*

Gowd. s. *gold.*

Greet. s. *weep.*

Groomes. *attendants, servants.*

Gude, guid. s. *good.*

Guerdon. *reward.*

Gule. *red.*

## H.

Ha'. s. *ball.*

Hame. *home.*

Haus-bane. *the top of the sticking.*

Hee's. s. *he shall: also, he has.*

Heathenness. *the heathen part of the world.*

Hem. 'em, them.

Hett, hight. *bid command.*

Hewkes. *heralds coats.*

Hind. s. *behind.*

Hings. s. *hangs.*

Hip. *the berry, which contains the stones or seeds of the do-rose.*

Hir, hir lain. s. *her, herself alone.*

Hole. *whole.*

Hooly. s. *slowly.*

Hose. *stockings.*

Huggle. *bug, clasp.*

## I.

Ilfardly. s. *ill-favouredly, uglily.*

Ilka. s. *each, every one.*

Impe. *a little demon.*

Ingle. s. *fire.*

Jow. s. *joint.*

Ireful. *angry, furious.*

Ife. s. *I shall.*

## T 4

## Kame

## K.

Kame. *s. comb.*  
 Kameing. *s. combing.*  
 Kantle. *piece. p. 25.*  
 Kauk. *s. chalk.*  
 Keel. *s. raddle.*  
 Kempt. *combing.*  
 Ken. *s. know.*  
 Kilted. *s. tucked up.*  
 Kirk. *s. church.*  
 Kirn. *s. churn.*  
 Kirtle. *a petticoat, upper garment, woman's gown.*  
 Kifts. *s. chests.*  
 Kith. *acquaintance.*  
 Knellan, knelland. *s. knelling, ringing the knell.*

## L.

Lacke. *want.*  
 Laith. *s. loth.*  
 Lane. *s. lone. her lane. by herself.*  
 Lang. *s. long.*  
 Lap. *s. leaped.*  
 Largez. *f. give.*  
 Leal. *s. honest. f. loyal.*  
 Lee. *field, plain.*  
 Lee. *s. lie.*  
 Leech. *physician.*  
 Leefe. *s. lose.*  
 Leid. *s. lied.*  
 Lemman. *lover.*  
 Leugh. *s. laughed.*  
 Lewd. *ignorant, scandalous.*  
 Lightly. *s. lightly, easily, nimbly*  
 Lig. *s. lie.*  
 Limitours. *friars licensed to beg within certain limits.*  
 Limitacioune. *a certain precinct allotted to a limitour.*  
 Lither. *naughty, wicked.*  
 Lo'e, loed. *s. love, loved.*  
 Lothly. *loathsome.*  
 Loud's I heire. *perhaps, loud as I hear. p. 84.*  
 Lourd, lour. *s. lever. rather.*

Lues. luve. *s. loves, love.*  
 Lyan, lyand. *s. lying.*

## M.

Mair. *more.*  
 Mait. *s. night.*  
 Mark. *a coin in value 13s. 4d.*  
 Maugre. *in spite of.*  
 Mavis. *s. a thrush.*  
 Maun. *s. must.*  
 Mawt. *s. malt.*  
 Meed. *reward.*  
 Micht. *might.*  
 Mickle. *much, great.*  
 Midge. *a small insect, a kind of gnat.*  
 Minstral. *s. minstrel. musician.*  
 Minstrelsie. *music.*  
 Minny. *s. mother.*  
 Mirkie. *dark, black.*  
 Mis hap. *misfortune.*  
 Mither. *s. mother.*  
 Moe. *more.*  
 Mold. *mould, ground.*  
 Monand. *moaning, bemoaning.*  
 Mores. *mors, marsh grounds.*  
 Morrownynges. *mornings.*  
 Mosses. *swampy grounds covered with moss.*  
 Mote, mought. *might.*  
 Mou. *s. mouth.*

## N.

Na, nae. *s. no.*  
 Naithing. *s. no bing.*  
 Nane. *s. none.*  
 Newfangle. *newfangled. fond of novelty.*  
 Nicht. *s. night.*  
 Noble. *a coin in value 6s. 8d.*  
 North-gales. *North Wales.*  
 Nurtured. *educated, bred up.*

## O.

Obraid. *s. upbraid.*  
 Ony. *s. any.*  
 Out-brayde. *drew out, unsheathed.*

Owie

Owre. *s. over.*  
 Owre-word. *s. the last word.*  
 Owches. *bosses, or buttons of gold.*

## P.

Pall. *a cloak, or mantle of state.*  
 Palmer. *a pilgrim, who having been at the holy land carried a palm branch in his hand.*

Paramour. *gallant, lover, mistress.*

Partake. *p. 172. participate, assign to.*

Pattering. *murmuring, mumbly.*

Pauky. *s. sly, cunning.*

Paynim. *Pagan.*

Pearlins. *s. p. 66. a coarse sort of bone lace.*

Peer: peerless. *equal: without equal.*

Peering. *peeping, looking narrowly.*

Perill. *danger.*

Philomene. *Philomel, the nightingale.*

Plaine. *complain.*

Plein. *complain.*

Porcupig. *porcupine. f. porcupic.*

Poterver. *p. 4. perhaps Pocket.*

Piece. *s. p. 113. a little.*

Preas. *press.*

Pricked. *spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.*

Priving. *s. proving, tasting.*

Prowels. *bravery, valour, military gallantry.*

Puissant. *strong, powerful.*

Purfel. *an ornament of embroidery.*

Purfelled. *embroidered.*

## Q.

Quail. *shrink, flinch, yield.*

Quay. *s. heifer, young cow.*

Quean. *sorry, base woman.*

Quell. *subdue.*

Quelch. *a blow or bang.*

Quha. *s. who.*

Quhair. *s. where.*

Quhan; whan. *s. when.*

Quhaneer. *s. whene'er.*

Quhen. *s. when.*

Quick. *alive, living.*

Quitt. *requite.*

Quo. *quoth.*

## R.

Rade. *s. rode.*

Raise. *s. rose.*

Reade, rede. *s. advise.*

Reeve. *bailif.*

Renneth, renning. *runneth, running.*

Rest. *berest.*

Registrar. *the officer, who keeps the public register. Tis Register in Corbet's poems 1672. 8vo.*

Riddle. *p. 72. 73. seems to be a corruption of Reade, i. e. advise.*

Rin. *s. run. Rin errand, a contracted way of speaking for "run on an errand."*

Rood. *cross, crucifix.*

Route. *p. 90. go about, travel.*

Rudd. *red, ruddy.*

Rud-red. *deep red, ruddy.*

Ruth. *pity.*

Ruthfull. *rueful, woeful.*

## S.

Sa, fae. *s. so.*

Saft. *s. soft.*

Saim. *s. same.*

Sair. *s. sore.*

Sall. *s. shall.*

Sarke. *s. shirt.*

Sant. *s. salt.*

Say, essay. *attempt.*

Scant. *scarce.*

Seely. *silly.*

## T

Seething

- Seething. *boiling.*  
 Sed. *said.*  
 Sel, sell. *s. self.*  
 Sen. *s. since.*  
 Senefhall. *master of the ceremonies.*  
 Sey. *s. say, a kind of wooden stuff.*  
 Shee's. *s. she shall.*  
 Sheene. *shining.*  
 Shield-bone. *p. 195. the blade-bone.*  
 Shent. *shamed, disgraced, abused.*  
 Shepens. *sheep-pens.*  
 Shaone. *shoes.*  
 Shope. *shaped.*  
 Shread. *cut into small pieces.*  
 Shreeven, fhriven. *confessed her sins.*  
 Shullen. *shall.*  
 Sic, sich. *sich.*  
 Sick-like. *s. such-like.*  
 Sighan, sighand. *s. sighing.*  
 Siller. *s. silver.*  
 Sith. *snare.*  
 Slaited. *s. whetted; or perhaps, whipped.*  
 Sleath. *stryeth.*  
 Slee. *s. fly.*  
 Snà', snaw. *s. snow.*  
 Sooth, truth, true.  
 Soth, sothe. *ditto.*  
 Sould. *s. should.*  
 Souldan. *sultan.*  
 Spack. *s. spake.*  
 Sped. *speeded, succeeded.*  
 Speik. *s. speak.*  
 Speir. *s. ask, inquire.*  
 Speir. *s. spear.*  
 Spill. *spoil, destroy, kill.*  
 Spillan, spilland. *s. spilling.*  
 Spindles. and whorles. *the instruments used in Scotland, before the introduction of spinning-wheels.*  
 Spurgin. *froth that purges out.*  
 Sqelfh. *a blow, or bang.*  
 Stean. *s. stone.*  
 Steven. *voice, sound.*  
 Stint. *stop.*  
 Stound. *space, moment, hour, time.*  
 Stow'n. *s. stolen.*  
 Stowre. *strong, robust, fierce.*  
 Stower, stowre, stir, disturbance, fight.  
 Stude, fluid. *s. food.*  
 Summere. *a summer horse.*  
 Surcease. *cease.*  
 Sune. *s. soon.*  
 Sweere, swire, naak.  
 Syne. *s. then, afterwards.*
- T.**
- Teene. *sorrow, grief.*  
 Thewes. *mannes. In p. 12. it signifies limbs.*  
 Than, *s. then.*  
 Thair. *s. there.*  
 Thir. *s. this, these.*  
 Tho. *then.*  
 Thrall. *captive.*  
 Thrall. *captivity.*  
 Thralldome. *ditto.*  
 Thrang. *close.*  
 Thrilled. *twirled, turned round.*  
 Thropes. *villages.*  
 Thocht. *thought.*  
 Tirled. *twirled, turned round.*  
 Tone, t'one. *the one.*  
 Tor. *a tower; also a highpointed rock, or hill.*  
 Tres-hardie. *f. thrice-hardy.*  
 Trenchant. *f. cutting.*  
 Triest furth. *s. draw forth to an assignation.*  
 Trifulcate. *three-forked, three-pointed.*  
 Trow. *believe, trust; also, verily.*  
 Troth, truth, faith, fidelity.  
 Tush.



**Tufh.** *an interjection of contempt, or impatience.*

**Twa.** *s. two. Twayne. two.*

## U.

**Unctuous.** *fat, clammy, oily.*

**Undermeles.** *afternoons.*

**Unkempt.** *uncombed.*

**Ure.** *use.*

## W.

**Wadded.** *p. s. perhaps from woad, i. e. of a blue colour.*

**Wae, waefo'.** *s. woe, woeful.*

**Wad.** *s. walde. would.*

**Walker.** *a fuller of cloth.*

**Waltered, weltered.** *rolled along. Also, swallowed.*

**Waly.** *an interjection of grief.*

**Warde.** *s. advise, forewarn.*

**Wassel.** *drinking, good cheer.*

**Wax.** *to grow, become.*

**Wat.** *s. wet. Also, knew*

**Wate.** *s. blamed.*

**Wayward.** *perverse.*

**Weale.** *welfare.*

**Wear-in.** *s. worry in, drive in.*

**Wearifou'.** *s. wearisome, tiresome, disturbing.*

**Wee.** *s. little.*

**Weede.** *clothing, dress.*

**Weel, well.** *Also, we'll.*

**Weird.** *wizzard, witch. Properly, fate, pestilence.*

**Welkin.** *the sky.*

**Well away.** *exclam. of pity.*

**Wende, weened.** *thought.*

**Wend.** *to go.*

**Werryed.** *worried.*

**Wha.** *s. who.*

**Whair.** *s. where.*

**Whan.** *s. when.*

**Whang.** *s. p. 33. a large slice.*

**Whilk.** *s. which.*

**Whit.** *lot.*

**Whittles.** *knives.*

**Whorles.** [*See Spindles.*]

**Wi'.** *s. with.*

**Wight.** *human creature, man or woman.*

**Wild-worm.** *serpent.*

**Wis.** *know.*

**Wit, weet, know.** *understand.*

**Woe.** *woeful, sorrowful.*

**Wode, wod.** *wood. Also, mad.*

**Woe-man.** *a sorrowful man.*

**Woe-worth.** *woe be to [you.]*

**Wood, wode.** *mad, furious.*

**Wot know,** *think.*

**Wow.** *s. exclam. of wonder.*

**Wracke.** *ruin, destruction.*

**Wynne, win.** *joy.*

**Wyt, wit, weet.** *know.*

**Wyte.** *blame.*

## Y.

**Yate.** *gate.*

**Yefe.** *s. ye shall.*

**Yode.** *went.*

**Y-built.** *built.*

**Ys. is. Yf. if. Yn. in.**

**Y-wrought.** *wrought.*

**Y-wys.** *truly, verily.*

## Z.

**Ze.** *s. ye. zee're. s. ye are.*

**Zees.** *s. ye shall.*

**Zellow.** *s. yellow.*

**Zet.** *s. yet.*

**Zong.** *s. yong.*

**Zou.** *s. you. zour. s. your.*

**Zour-lane.** *your-lane. s. alone, by yourself.*

**Zouth.** *s. youth.*

# ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

## VOL. I.

Alate. late.

Bauzen's skinne. *sheep's leather dressed, and coloured red. f. bazane. — Or, perhaps, badger's skin, for Bau-son is a badger in Old English.*

Bearing arrow. — *Or, perhaps, bering or birring, i. e. a whirring, or, whizzing arrow: from Isl. Bir, Ventus, or, A. S. Bepe. fremitus.*

Bode. p. 96. *abode, stayed.*

Dell. *part. every dell. every part.*

Depured. *purified, run clear.*

Downae. s. *am not able. Properly, cannot take the trouble.*

Drovyers, drovers. *such as drive herds of cattle; and probably, deer, &c.*

Dryvars. *idem.*

Flyte. *to contend with words, scold.*

Forbode. *commandment. p. 144. Over God's forbode. [præter dei præceptum fit.] q. d. God forbid.*

Gamon. p. 38. *to make game, to sport. A. S. Lamenian. jocari.*

Harried, &c. *robbed, pillaged.*

Harlocke. p. 258. *perhaps, Charlocke. or, wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.*

Holtes, woods, growes.

Hoved. *beaved. or, perhaps, bo-vered, hung moving. Gl. Ch. Knight's fee. such a portion of land, as required a man to serve with horse and arms.*

## VOL. II.

Attowre. s. *Also, over and above.*

Gret. p. 8. *perhaps, corrupt for gred. idem.*

Mure. s. *a wild heath, flat, &c.*

Speere. p. 275. *perhaps, the hole in the door or window, by which it was speered. i. e. sparred, fastened.*

Terry. *diminutive of Thierry, L. Theodoricus, Didericus.*

Tibbe. *in Scotland, is the diminutive of Isabel.*

Yearded, earded. *i. e. earthed, buried.*

## VOL. III.

Churl. *one of low birth, a villain.*

Deas. — *from f. dais. canopy.*

Dofend. s. *dofing, drowsy, dull.*

Fee. — *signifies Land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as Knight's fee, &c.*

Haufe-bane: — *i. e. hose-band.*

Ilka. — *also, that same.*

Kantle. *piece, corner.*

Shemens, shipens. *cow-houses. A. S. scypen.*

AD-

# ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

## IN VOLUME I.

Page 13.

**M**OST of the names in this and the following ballad are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus

*Ver. 112.* Agerstone.] Thomas Haggerston is among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. 6. 1433. (*Fuller's Worthies.* p. 310.)

*Ver. 113.* Hartly.] Andreas de Harcla was sheriff of Cumberland for 4 years : viz. from the 2d. to the 6th year of Edw. II. (*Fuller.* p. 224.)

*Ver. 114.* Hearone.] Johannes Hearon, miles, is among those who signed a treaty with the Scots in 1449. Hen. 6. (*See Nicholson's Laws of the Borders.* p. 34.) — Henry Hearon of Alnwycke is one of the commissioners for the inclosures in the Middle Marches in 1552. (*Ibid.* p. 330. and see others of the same surname in that commission, p. 331. 332. 333. 335.) — Two Herons are among the commissioners in *Fuller.* p. 310. — Johan Heronn was sheriff of Northumberland in 35 of Edw. 3. (*Fuller.* p. 311.) Also in 7<sup>o</sup> of Richard 2. (p. 312.) and others afterwards.

*Ver. 115.* Lovele.] Joh. de. Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34 Hen. 7. — Joh. de. Lavele, mil. in the 1 Edw. 6. and afterwards. (*Fuller* 313.) In *Nicholson* this name is spelt Da Lovel. p. 304.

*Ver. 117.* Rugbè. Tho. Rokeby, mil. was sheriff of Yorkshire in 12 of Hen. 4. (*Fuller.* p. 219.)

*Ver. 119.* Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. 3. (*Fuller*, p. 311.) — Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV. and many others of the same name afterwards. — Sir John Wetherington is one of the commissioners for inclosure in 1552. (*See Nicholson.* p. 331.) — Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

*Ver. 129.* Maxwell.] Herbertus Dom9 Maxwell, is one of the Scots, who signed the treaty in 1449. — Robertus Dominus Maxwell is one of the Scottish conservators of the treaty in 1464. Edw. IV. (*See Nicholson.* p. 60. also, p. 79. 98.)

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## Page 28.

*Ver. 183.* Agurstonne.] Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights, who signed a treaty with the English in 1249. *Hen. 3.* (Nicholson. p. 2. note.)

*Ver. 199.* Fitz-hughe.] Thomas Dominus Fitz-hue is one of the conservators of the treaty with the Scots in 1449. (Nicholson. p. 33.) *As* Henricus Dominus Fitz-Henghe is of the treaty in 1464. (*Ib.* p. 60.)

*Ver. 201.* Harbotle.] Rob. Herbotell, mil. was sheriff of Northumberland in 18 of Henry 6. and Bertr. Herbotell in the 26 of the same reign. Rad. Herbotle, mil. was sub-vic. in 2 of Rich. 3. (See Fuller. p. 312. 313.)

## Page 221.

The names here seem corrupted; Ogerton from Haggerston, Baron from Hearon, and Rabby from Rugby: yet with regard to

*Ver. 191.* Ratcliffe.] Edw. Ratcliffe.] mil. was sheriff of Northumberland in 17 of Hen. 7. and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller. p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, Knt. was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552. (See Nicholson. p. 330.) — Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715.

## Page 33.

*Introd.]* The eldest ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court are described as SKILFUL IN SURGERIE in Harrison's Description of England prefixed to Holingshed's Chronicle. — See Warton's Observ. Vol. 2. p. 130.

## Page 66.

This epitaph has all the marks of a modern forgery, the language bearing no resemblance to any ancient writings in the Northern dialect.

With regard to the hero of this ballad he was the favourite subject of popular songs, so early as the reign of Edward III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fol. 26. Ed. 1550. a monk says

— I carthines of Roben hod, and Randall of Chester,  
But of our lord and our lady, I lerne nothyng at all.

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Page 194.

'Tis probable, after all, that the story of Titus Andronicus was not the original invention of this ballad-maker; he seems to give only short heads of a narrative, related more circumstantially by some other writer.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Page 43.

SINCE this page was printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX the poet, was not the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title. — For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord VAUX the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir THOMAS WYAT, and the E. of SURREY, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicolas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his “Art of English Poesie, 1589.” in p. 48. having named SKELTON, adds, “In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir THOMAS WYAT th’ elder, and Henry Earl of SURREY were the two chieftaines, who having tra-uailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and statly measures and stile of the Italian poesie. . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie. . . . In the SAME TIME, or NOT LONG AFTER was the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings \*.” — Webbe in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586. ranges them in the following order, “The E. of Surrey, the Lord VAUX, Norton, Bristow.” And Gascoigne in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work, p. 161. mentions Lord VAUX after Surrey. — Again, the stile and measure of Lord VAUX’s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes: — But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the Brittish Museum is a copy of his poems, I lothe that I did love, (vol. 1. p. 161.) with this title. “A dyttye or sonet, made by the Lord VAUX, in the time of the noble Queens Marye, repre-  
“senting

\* i. e. Compositions in English.

"*senting the image of Death.*" Harl. MSS. No. 1703. S. 25.\*.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named THOMAS, and the latter WILLIAM: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetical Vaux \*\*, except Puttenham in this one passage quoted above, and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

THOMAS Lord VAUX of Harrowden in Northamptonshire was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died, does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son

WILLIAM was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. 2. p. 304. — Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that the former of these two was the POET.

#### Page 62.

A little farther insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his small poems, preserved in the Brittish Museum; viz. "*The moral Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister ROBERT HENRISOUN, SCOLMAISTER of Dumfermling, 1571.*" Harleian MSS. 3865. f. 1.

#### Page 77.

[Note.] . . . . Or perhaps the King used the French word Acollet, signifying to give the Acolade, or blow that was to dub him a knight. This the Tanner ignorantly mistakes for A collar.

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\* This MS. contains some variations from the printed copies. e. g. ver. 6. are fledde. v. 11. Youthe awaye hee. v. 35. wearye warke. v. 38. doth. v. 39. shall bee cleane. v. 40. had ne'er. v. 48. That youthfull. v. 56. ye turne.

\*\* In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596. he is called simply Lord Vaux the elder.

Page 79.

*Even in the time of Langland pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. 1.*

Sermets on a heape, with hoked staves,  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her † wenches after.  
† i. e. their.

Page 82.

*Since the poem of HARDYCKNUTE was printed off, still farther information has been received concerning the original manner of its publication, and the additions made in it afterwards.*

*"The late Dr. John Clerk, a celebrated physician in Edinburgh, one of Lord President Forbes's intimate companions, has left in his own hand writing, an ample account of all the additions and variations made in this celebrated poem, as also two additional stanzas never yet printed."*

*The title of the first edition, was, "HARDYCKNUTE, A FRAGMENT. EDINGBURGH. 1719." folio 12 pages.*

*Stanzas not in the first edition, but added afterwards in the EVERGREEN, 1724, 100. are the two, beginning at ver. 129. "Aryfe young knight &c. to ver. 144. — Instead of ver. 143, 144, as they stand at present, Dr. Clerk's MS. has*

With argument, but vainly strave  
Lang courteously in vain.

*Again, from ver. 153. Now with his ferls, &c. to 176. not in the first edit. — In Dr. Clerk's MS. ver. 170, &c. runs thus,*

In haste his strides he bent  
While minstrells playand pibrocks fine  
Afore him stately went.

*Lastly, from ver. 257. Quhair lyke a fyre, &c. to the end of the poem, were not in the 1st copy. Variation of line the last (v. 336.) is*

"He feareb a' could be feared."

*The two additional stanzas come in between ver. 388. and ver. 389. and are these,*

Now darts flew wavering throught flaw speed,  
Scarce could they reach their aim;  
Or Reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,  
'Twas all but shot in vain:

Right strengthy arms forseebled grew,  
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils;  
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,  
 And curs'd war's cruel broils.  
 Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,  
 Swords clashed and harness rang;  
 But fastly lae ilk blaster blew  
 The hills and dales fraemang.  
 Nae echo heard in double dints,  
 Nor the lang-winding horn,  
 Nae mair she blew out brade as she  
 Did eir that summers morn.

*This obliging information the Reader owes to David Clerk, M. D. at Edinburgh, son of Dr. John Clerk.*

*It is perhaps needless to observe, that these two stanzas, as well as most of the variations above, are of inferior merit to the rest of the poem, and are probably first sketches that were afterwards rejected.*

Page 96.

*The author of the ancient play intituled Every man, inculcates great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions, — Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,*

" There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron  
 " That of God bath bath commissyon,  
 " As bath the leest preest in the world beynge.

\* \* \*

" God bath to them more power gyven,  
 " Than to any aungell, that is in heven:  
 " With v. words he may consecrate  
 " Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,  
 " And handeleth his maker bytwene his bandes:  
 " The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,  
 " Bothe in erthe and in heven.  
 " Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.  
 " Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;  
 " Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly;  
 " No remedy may we fynde under God,  
 " But alone on preesthode.  
 " Every-man, God gave preest that dignitt,  
 " And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,  
 " Thus be they above aungels in degre."

\* \* \* \* \*

*sign. C. i. b.*

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Page 106.

*Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed :  
the proud friars are to be*

— "*Of Caymes Kind,*"

*fig. C. ij. b. — see an account of this poem. vol. 2. p. 262.*

Page 124.

GASCOIGNE died in 1578, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "*A remembrance of the well-employed Life and godly End of GEO. GASCOIGNE, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7. 1577. by Geo. Whetstone Gent. an eye-witnes of his godly and charitable end in this world,*" 4to. no date. — *From a MS. of Oldys.*

Page 129.

*Ver. 62. In cradel ofher kind : i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's observations, vol. 2. p. 137.*

Page 177.

*Ver. 68. Instead of Godfather, it should be Grandfather, meaning the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland. and father of Lord Darnley, who was murdered at Stirling. Sep. 3. 1571.*

Page 179.

*When this account was drawn up, the Editor had forgot what Mr. Walpole hath urged in his Catalogue of royal and noble authors, vol. 1. p. 42. in proof of James's being jealous of Murray with his queen. To which I beg leave to refer the reader.*

Page 185.

*The subject of this ballad may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN says in the dedicat. to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.*

Page 214.

*After the note add. — "Vide Rym, Fæd, tom. xii. p. 204."*

U 2

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## Page 223.

*"Men use if they have an evill turne, to write it in marble; and whoſo doth us a good tourne, we write it in duſt.,,"*

*These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection, in Hen. viij. Act. 4. ſc. 11.*

*"Men's evill manners live in braſſ: their virtues*

*"We write in water.,,"*

*Shakeſp in his play of Rich. III. follows More's Hiſt. of that reign, and therefore could not but ſee this paſſage.*

## Page 226.

*Addition to note (\*) — See Vol. III, page 21. where Paſſus ſeems to ſignify Pauſe.*

## Page 261.

*The reader will remember at ver 21. that it is the cuſtom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corps of a woman, who dies unmarried: and that ver. 33. &c. alludes to the painted effigies of alabaſter, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments,*

## Page 282

*Ver. 22. JOHN DE WERT was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in Fraunce, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's dict.*

## Page 285.

*Whitlocke ſays, "Moy 3. 1643. Cheappſide croſſ and other "croſſes were voted down.,," &c. — When this vote was put in execution does not appear, probably not till many months after Tomkins and Chaloner had ſuffered. See ver. 18.*

## Page 295.

*A different reading has been received of ver. 46. &c. viz.*

*Here's a glyſter-pipe well try'd,  
Which was made of o butcher's ſtump,  
And has been ſafely apgly'd,  
To cure the colds of the rump.*

*Allu-*

Alluding probably to major general Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, Ap. 20. 1653.

Page. 298.

In Walton's "Compleat Angler," chap. 3. is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, one that has made the choice songs of the HUNTER IN HIS CARREERE, and of TOM OF BEDLAM, and many others of note." p. 84.

### VOLUME THE THIRD.

Page 22.

Instead of Largez, Largez, it should be Largefse, Largefse, as it is in other copies. The heralds resounded these words as of as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "Memoires de la Chevalerie," tom. p. 1. 99. — The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.

Page 25.

This fragment being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a Supplement of 3 or 4 stanzas composed from the romance of MORTE ARTHUR.

Page 59.

A copy of this sonnet, containing some variations, is reprinted in the MUSES LIBRARY p. 295. from an ancient miscellany, intitled ENGLAND'S HELICON 1600. 4to. The author was NICHOLAS BRETON, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude intitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love," 1605. 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' Typog. and Osborne's Harl. catalog. &c. — He is mentioned with great respect by MERES, in his 2d pt of Wit's Common-wealth. 1598. f. 283. and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's SCORNFUL LADY, Act. 2. and again in WITH WITHOUT MONEY, A. 3. — See Whalley's Ben. Johnson, vol. 3. p. 103.

U 3

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## Page 66.

*This ballad was popular in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as HEARNE informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon. 1719. 8vo. vol. 1. p. lxx., It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act. 4. sc. 1.*

## Page 68.

*Ver. 50. His bodye Ile give to thee.] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: The Lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespear's, "All's well, that ends well.,,*

## Page 97.

*The poem on GUY AND AMARANT has been discovered to be a fragment of, "The famous historie of Guy earl of Warwick, by SANUEL ROWLANDS. London, printed by "J. Bell. 1649. 4to., in xii cantos, beginning thus*

*"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."*

*Whethe the edition in 1649, was the first, does not appear, but the author SAM. ROWLANDS was one of the minor poets, who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist. of Guy was one of his earliest performances. — There are extant of his (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c. 1598. 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.] — (2.) "A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson. 1605., 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament. (3.) "Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse. Lond. 1518. 4to., (4.) "Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror. Lond. 1638. 8vo. [These 2 in Bod. Cat.]*

## Page 115.

*In ver. 10. 12. Dyand, and Lyand, ought to be transposed. The taunt "Young man I think ye're lyand.,, is very characteristical.*

## Page 116.

*ISLINGTON in Norfolk is probacly the place here meant.*

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Page 120.

To the tune of "In pēscod time," &c.) — The ballad here referred to is preserved in the MUSES LIBRARY 8vo. p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled "THE SHEPHERDS SLUMBER," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.

" In pēscod time when bound to born

" Gives eare till buck be kil'd,

" And little lads with pipes of corne

" Sate keeping beasts a-field,

" I went to gather strawberries

" By woods and growes full faire," &c.

Page 125.

St. Anthony's well is also in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

Page 128.

The reading at the bottom "Now, gip," is unnecessarily discarded. Gip, gep, or guep, is a common interjection of contempt in our old poets. See Gray's *Hudibras*, pt. 1. canto 3. v. 202. note.

Page 133.

This poem of Ben Jonson's is imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

Page 148.

This little madrigal is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the *Variorum Edit.* of Petronius, beginning "Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decoras, &c." See Whalleys *Ben Jonson*, vol. 2. p. 420.

Page 166.

The song of DULCINA is quoted as very popular in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, chap. 2. It is more ancient than the song of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW below, pag. 175. which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

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Since this ballad was printed off the Editor hath seen an ancient black-letter copy, containing some variations, and intitled, "*The merry prans of Robin Good - Fellow. To the tune of Dulcina &c.*," See p. 166.

To this copy were prefixed two wooden cuts of ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW, which seem to represent the dresſes in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited on the ſtage. To gratify the curious theſe are engraven below.

### THE END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.















